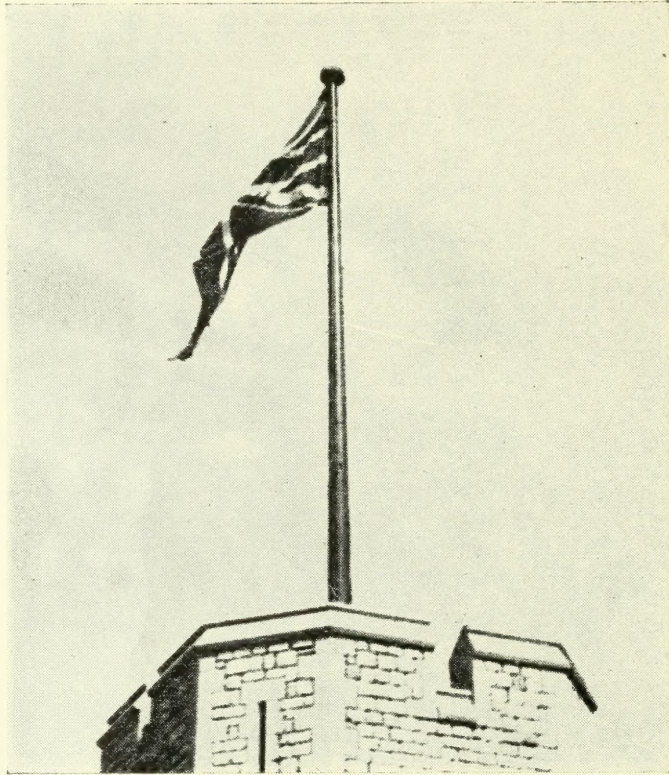


# Saint Andrew's College Review



Christmas  
1942



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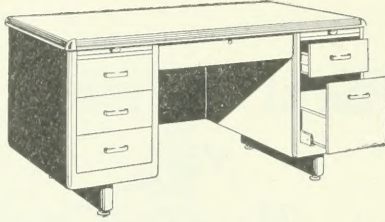
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We'll honour yet the rule we knew,  
Till the last bell call.

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Our daily foes and friends,  
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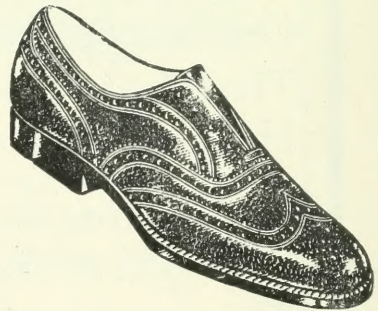
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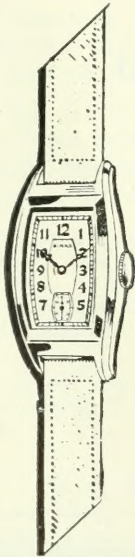
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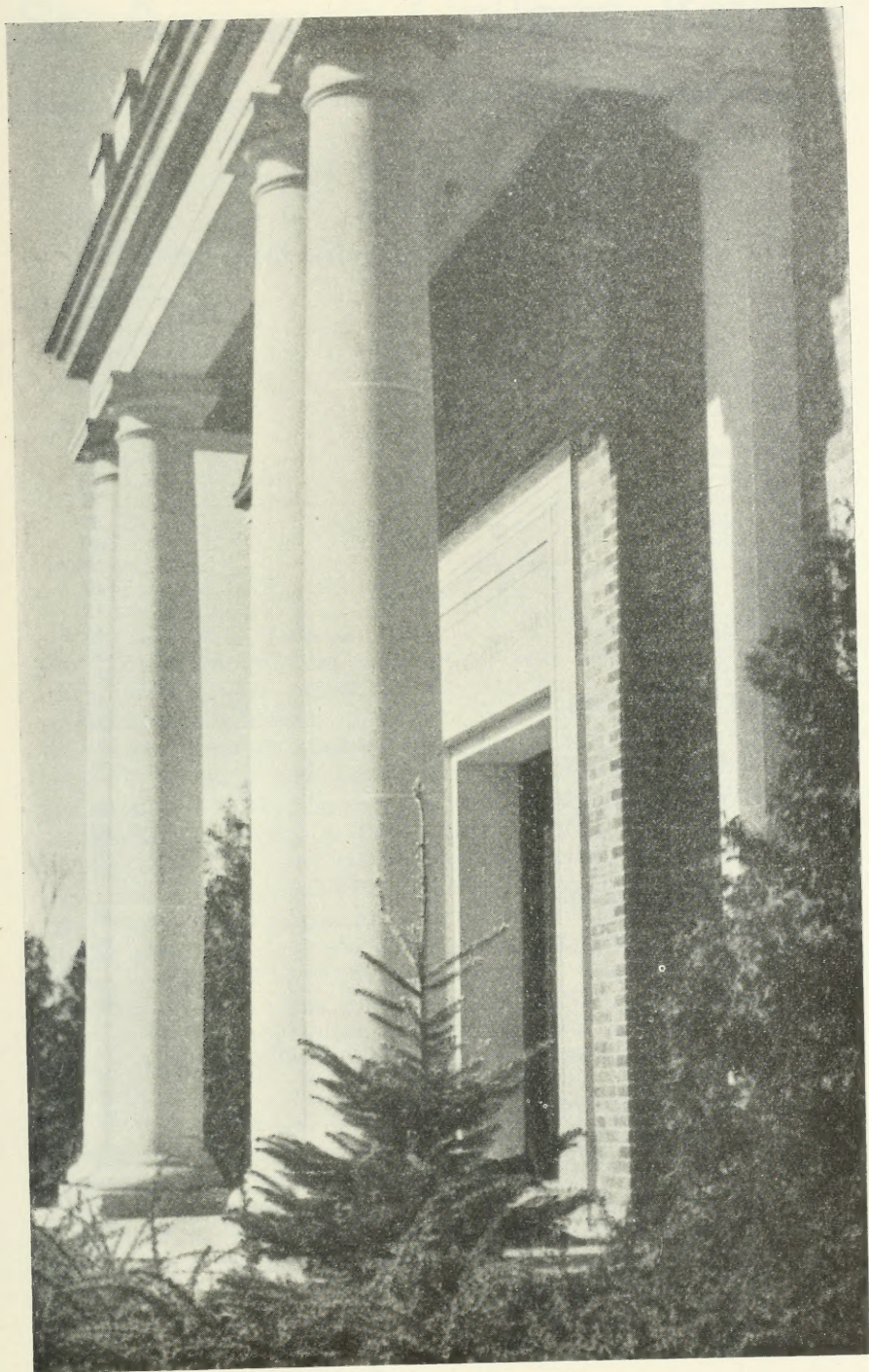
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## St. Andrew's College Review

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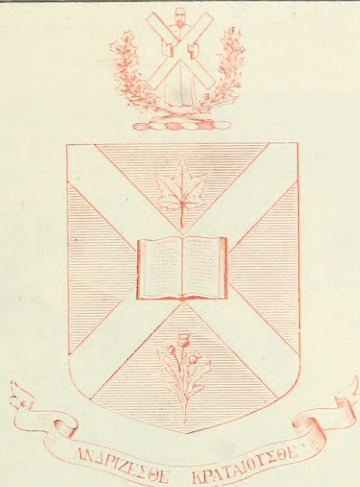


# St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas 1942

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## Editorial

In retrospect of the Autumn Term, one might well feel that the war has brought a new and fuller significance to bear upon the activities of the Andrean. In peacetime, the Andrean, it is true, must set his standards of endeavour to match the tradition and the record of achievement that St. Andrew's has prided herself in throughout her years. In wartime, however, from across the water to him is thrown the torch of endeavour and self-sacrifice from those Old Boys who are so unselfishly serving in His Majesty's Forces. The torch has been thrown a bit high, perhaps, and we must reach to catch it; we must live up to the lofty expectations of those who, neglecting their lives and their liberty, have thrown themselves into a war of flame and thunder, of the torture of steel and oblivion of death. The far cry across the waves is infinitely more pressing to us now than ever before, and we must answer with effort and enterprise; the challenge that such precedents as those set by former schoolfellows now lies open to us, and we must not spurn its portent. What then, you say, is expected of the Andrean?

Five weeks ago, a St. Andrew's Cadet in uniform, who was waiting outside the University Armouries before the parade assembled, was approached by a wizened old veteran of the Boer War, who exclaimed: "And who are you, that you dare to wear the scarlet these days?" We recall that the khaki tunic was inaugurated during the Boer War because of the vulnerability of the scarlet. Yet the scarlet tunic has survived the change as a symbol of courage, of virtue, and of loyalty. Who are we, therefore, that we dare display so flagrantly the noble qualities of which the scarlet is the essence? The tunic has set for us a precept; we must follow it.

This, then, is what is expected of us; therefore we must strive, and emulate, and never give up until we have achieved at least a place in the life of the school; for it were well for us to keep in mind that the qualities of a school are in the ratio of the spirit that permeates its buildings, its life, and the young men who create it.

---



### Mr. and Mrs. Garrett

The school this year has survived the critical change of headmastership. Mr. Garrett, we feel, has in his first term of office, discharged his duties in a very able fashion, even though they have been most arduous and taxing. No better and more capable man could have been found for the tremendous task and we all have complete faith in Mr. Garrett's ability. We wish the school continued success and prosperity under his competent leadership in years to come.

The introduction of a female teacher cannot avoid being received without comments by many. In this respect, however, Mrs. Garrett has surprised many of us with her exceptional teaching skill; we feel that any such obstacles of prejudice that may have existed have been entirely overcome by her patience, effort, and personality.

We think therefore that we are very fortunate in having Mr. and Mrs. Garrett with us, and may their stay here be a happy and successful one.



We would like to extend our heartiest congratulations to Commander K. G. B. Ketchum on his recent promotion from Lieutenant-Commander. Although we miss him deeply, we are proud of the part that he is playing in Canada's War Effort.

We also appreciate the efforts that the new members of the staff have contributed to the school life. Mr. Lane has taken upon himself not only the duties of Assistant Mathematics Master, but also those of the Director of Athletics. In both of these offices he has been capable and diligent. Mr. Colclough, as Senior Languages Master, has acquitted himself well. In the department of Junior Maths and Science, Mr. Bricknell has been exceedingly able. Mr. Young in the department of Junior Languages and Maths is fulfilling his position well.

We wish to report the recent advancement of Mrs. Tudball to the position of Assistant National Commandant of the Canadian Red Cross. Congratulations Mrs. Tudball!



## A Hurricane

The family has crowded about the radio and are now listening tensely and breathlessly to the weather report; even the B.B.C. news is of secondary importance now. For days there have been frequent interruptions in the programmes, and always the announcer blurts forth the latest known position of the disturbance; the anxious parents rush to their chart and with trembling fingers locate its position; if the disturbance continues on its path the centre (which is the most dangerous area in a hurricane) will miss their own little village, but who knows that it will not change its course?

Towards evening the wind increases and the twenty-four-hour warning is given. Everybody in the village bolts up the shutters on all windows and doors, and the less stable houses are even secured to the ground with hemp ropes. The little store on the corner has had the busiest day of its existence, and the clerk there is securing the remaining bundles of goods.

Soon it starts to rain in torrents and the greatest fear of the villagers is for the canal, which is their main-road to civilization. The howling winds bend the trees in obeisance, and before dark everybody is in his house, bolted and barred from outside and inside. Father and mother send the children to bed; the children think it is all great fun and refuse to go to sleep. The increasing wind causes the whole house to sway and creak ominously; through the howling the roar of waves beating against the solid walls of the canal can be distinctly heard.

Now all lights are extinguished and the whole district is in utter darkness; the rain is beating against the shutters like miniature battering rams. At about midnight the wind seems to have reached its zenith; through the din a splintering noise and a thud might be heard and all wonder who is the unfortunate man without a roof over his head.

The wind does not actually move in circles unless it is very near the central area. A hurricane can last for days with a wind velocity approaching a hundred miles an hour, but it can also be gone in a few hours after it started. In the great vortex there is no wind at all, and often people venture out for fresh air, but this is dangerous, because who knows when the centre has moved past him and the terrific wind comes again.

At dawn the wind has definitely decreased, and when the children are up, father and mother go to bed thanking God for their preservation. Later comes the arduous task of taking down or opening the shutters and doors, and when that is accomplished, the entire family go out to see what awful devastation the hurricane has wrought. Everywhere there are uprooted trees, buckled lamp-posts and heaps of fallen fruit, leaves and debris; here and there a roof has been lifted and deposited fifty yards away; the surging waves have beaten down parts of the canal wall and the engineers are desperately trying to stem the spouting water. A few yards distant an old barge is lying on the bank with a gaping hole in her side. Most of the roads are blocked by the fallen giants and a tangled mesh of telephone wires.

There is devastation everywhere, but it is surprising how quickly all the debris is cleared away and the village brought back to normal life again. A hurricane is an unpleasant thing, yet the risk involved is worth the experience.

J. V. HORWOOD. Lower Sixth.



## The Allegory of the Lost Train

I raced downstairs as fast as my legs could carry me, jumped into a waiting taxi, and took time to recover my breath. But however fast the taxi was going, when I reached the station there was just an empty platform, with the exception of a few people strolling back to the escalators. My wrath was inconceivable; I threw my suitcase along the empty platform and cursing vehemently, sat on a bench. The next train was due to leave at five o'clock that afternoon, and it was now just past eleven.

Instead of tracking my way home, I left my baggage in the cloakroom and took a taxi to an outlandish little restaurant on the beach, overlooking the seething surf and the glittering ocean. There I had a novel dinner of frogs' legs and snails, cooked in the French "cuisine" style, and plum-pudding. It was really delicious.

After dinner I walked along the beach taking in the beautiful fresh scenery of that palm-fringed shore, with the emerald-blue ocean on one side, the dazzling white sand in the middle and bungalows almost hidden by trees on the other. As I looked down I discovered in the sand the most beautiful shell that I had ever seen; the outside was of a mottled brown and the lip and the inside were of the softest of all pink shades. I picked it up and kept it as a great treasure for many years, until one day a learned conchologist, who happened to be visiting me and saw the shell on the mantel-piece, informed me that it was a very rare specimen because of the pink colour inside and on the lip, and that he was prepared to pay a large sum of money in return for the shell. I parted with it reluctantly, and ever since that time an indescribable appreciation of beauty in nature has seized me, and I have never once regretted losing my train!

J. HORWOOD. Form Lower VI.

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## The Aussie

The jungle was insufferably hot. He lay in a fox-hole on the bank of a muddy languid stream, his rifle following the path of his eyes as they sought to pierce the dense foliage for a glimpse of the wily foe. A tell-tale sound of a twig snapping reached his ears from the opposite bank of the stream. — His rifle cracked once; a dull thud resulted. Immediately bullets, fired from the foliage across the stream, sang about his head.

This was the routine business with him, sitting alone, watching and waiting—(waiting was far the most intolerable) — for the enemy to strike.

He remembered his daily life before the war — an office job with dull work. This was surely far more exciting, (or was it?) this waiting, perpetual waiting, for something to break! He thought of his two sons, his home on the top of the hill and most of all, his wife — the cause he was fighting for. This and only this, was what made the continuous waiting bearable.

Suddenly the artillery opened fire — the signal for the long-delayed advance. The fox-holes became alive, men surged into the stream and up the opposite bank. He too was there, taking his place among the men whose names will live for ever. But his mind was not focused on glory; it was centred on his two sons, his home on top of the hill, and most of all, his wife!

F. M. HALL. Lower VI.

## What Price Victory

Perhaps some of us have even yet failed to realize the immensity of this word — victory. On tackling the question in a converse manner, we have not yet fathomed the depth of a defeat. Of course, we might suffer a defeat. We hope not, but yet it is possible. Defeat would mean slavery and slavery to the free is little better than death. When one's spirit is curbed, initiative is blocked and therefore life is just a tiresome, tedious journey with no happiness, freedom or joy. We would no longer be able to write what we think to be true, nor speak what we believe in, nor worship as we wish; then above us, ruling, as it were, from a throne bespattered with the blood of conquest we would have to bear cynical tyrants with their doctrine of "might is right." Surely we don't wish this catastrophe to occur? Yet many of us refuse to do anything decisive to prevent it. The customary placidness of democracy must be overthrown in a time of national emergency to maintain those ideas and practices of which we have a right to be proud. Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Austria, France, Norway and many others ought to be illustrations enough to point out to us the terror of defeat. Men, women and children wantonly murdered because of some minor offence, to appease the wrath of the Nazi monster. I say slaughtered without a trial or any semblance of one; cut down, mutilated, and torn to shreds by the creatures of hell, the members of the Third German Reich. Hitler and his filthy gang of cut-throats are attempting to utterly destroy what we are fighting for.

Russia, our noble ally, although possessing what seems to us a too radical constitution, yet fights on our side for the destruction of our common enemy. The heroic actions of the Russian fighting men will long be remembered in the annals of history. Yet Russia is paying an awful price; the bill reading some four and one-half million casualties. Inestimable amounts of devastation and destruction of their culture only make those fighters in white more determined than ever to conquer and not to be conquered. With us as well as with them it is clearly live or die.

Victory, however, is not achieved easily by anyone. Japan found that out when her plague of yellow locusts swept into China with the aim of total annihilation of the Chinese. That wasn't possible as they soon found out. Year after year of ruthless aggression gained but little advantage for the sons of the Rising Sun. The Chinese under the leadership of Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek resisted each foot of Japanese advance. At last the Japs have seized more than their mighty Dragon's tongue can lap up. The United States of America stands firm just as Britain has stood firm through the hell of intensified blitzkriegs by the Luftwaffe. For three and one-half entire years that little island with its indomitable bull-dog spirit has fought on and on with ever-increasing vigour against the Hun until this year, 1942, it is giving the Nazis something which they, with their mighty totalitarian forces, cannot defeat as they defeated in cowardly fashion the inferior forces of the mid-European states.

Of course Canada has lately begun to dig in order to bring the war to a victorious termination, but we must be prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice our all in the preservation of those things which we hold dearest: liberty of action and word, and the authority to worship as free men.

J. W. KENNEDY. Form V.



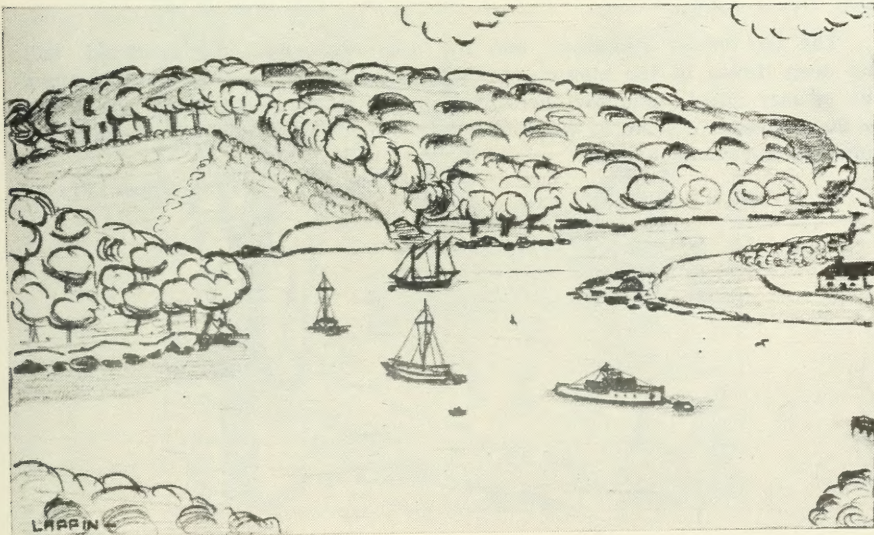
## "Times Have Changed"

The gulls screamed mournfully over the estuary, planing through the mist, which was gradually rolling back like a carpet to reveal the wooded hills which fell steeply down to the blue green water. Slowly the sun rose above the hill across the mouth of the river, its rays reflected from the water, like light from the faces of a diamond.

From my room in the hotel it was impossible to see the actual sea, but I knew how the "land lay," just as I knew the fingers of my hand. Directly below me the river had broadened considerably, forming a natural anchorage, where a smaller river had joined it. Below the basin, the estuary swept around the headland, rich with bracken, and on, out into the open sea. All around, the hills swept down to the water's edge, the deep green of the oak trees contrasting with the colour of the water. There was little thought of war here.

Down in the basin a score of yachts and launches at anchor swung with the tide. Vessels of all sizes, their gaily-painted hulls and cabins emphasized the gaiety and contentment of the owners. A tiny "pram" dinghy scuttled across the water, determinedly, like some busy waterbug. A motorboat chugged up the estuary to Newton Ferrers, with the previous night's haul of fish on board. From a swanky launch came a shout of laughter. Surrounded by all this the "Devon men" went about their business.

Towards evening the aimless activity began to diminish, finally ceased. Save for the crew of one small ketch, making ready to weigh anchor, no activity disturbed the peace of evening. On the ketch two lads on deck heaved at the halliards and lit her running lights, making her shipshape. A whistle floated across the water only to be stifled by the throb of the little Diesel engine. Slowly the little craft edged away from the buoy, turned down stream with the outgoing tide, and passing anchored yachts with a cheery farewell from the crew, disappeared behind the headland.



Yes, Newton Ferrers was a lovely spot, so peaceful, calm, with yachts coming and going — here today, gone tomorrow. Now the waves slapped the rocks lazily, a bass splashed out in the shadows, a chain grated against a buoy — save for these sounds silence reigned.

And now — well, times have changed. The atmosphere of peace remains, even a few yachts are still there, but there are other boats as well now. . . . Not the gaily-painted yachts of peacetime days, but long, slim torpedo boats, grey and menacing, even in such a setting. The yachts no longer come and go; in their place M.T.B. Flotilla 19 goes about its business — swiftly and silently.

Down in the basin, the grey vessels rest at anchor, in places where luxurious yachts had previously moored. There is no luxury on those boats, designed for war, with their machine-guns pointing at the sky, and salt stains all over their topsides; in places the grey paint has flaked off revealing the red rust-proof paint beneath; here and there are hastily applied patches and blotches of new paint. No, these are not the immaculate craft of the peacetime navy, but efficient, if untidy, warships.

On every boat the men work industriously, singing and whistling, or smoking quietly. A sailor cleans the battery of machine-guns, his eyes are half closed as the smoke from his cigarette drifts past his face; another paints over a recent repair job, singing some ditty as he works from the pier; an out-board comes out to each boat with drums of fuel, and supplies. The work goes on.

Towards evening all the work seems to near completion; no boats ply to and fro, no deckhands work on the M.T.B.'s, and peace seems very close as the darkness falls. Then suddenly the silence is broken: Orders fly through the air; the powerful motors roar into life, the sounds echoing back and forth between the hills; slowly the first torpedo boat turns down the channel; then the second followed by the third, until the whole flotilla is headed for the open sea.

The last vessel disappears into the darkness behind the headland; still the deep throbs of the motors can be heard. Slowly it dies away, leaving the estuary silent, save for the sound of the wash still striking the shore, or the grating of a chain in the shadows. Overhead the stars wink ceaselessly — time has not changed them.

W. B. LAPPIN. Upper VI.



## The Battle of Waterloo Was Won on the Playing Fields of Eton

The title can be taken as a text to be applied to the everyday problems of life. It can be applied also to the military ability of men who graduated from English Public Schools.

A boy at Eton, for instance, gains beside the scholastic training, the ability to face the problems of the outside world with a better understanding of how to solve them. He is taught the value of resourcefulness; in fact, a boy from Eton should be capable of making quick, important decisions when they are most needed.

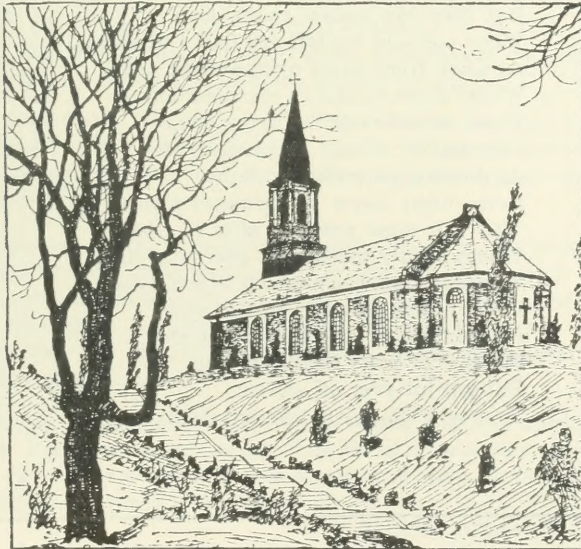
On the other hand, the boy who has not been fortunate enough to have had a public school education, must fight for everything he endeavours to accomplish. He has gained the experience of doing things for himself. He will be able to work his way to a responsible position and thus know what responsibilities he must carry. Consequently he will do his work well and efficiently.

As a motto, the title has a great deal of underlying meaning. If a boy plays the game cleanly, fairly and with all his might, he will follow his own example in future life. If a boy plays and works during his schooldays to the best of his ability, he will strive to continue to fulfill his future position in the same manner.

I believe that a great deal is expected of a boy from Eton in later life; if he does not live up to these expectations he is a relative failure. But if a boy of poor birth attains a high position, he has had to work very hard for it, and deserves great credit. Accordingly, public school education is desirable only if it does not prevent the idea that everything will be easy and jolly after schooldays are finished.

To sum, then, I believe that a Public School Education is preferable if the boy works hard in order to achieve what is expected of him.

GARY RAPMUND, Form Lower VI.



## The Endless Ebb

J. W. Kennedy

The weary winter winds are wailing,  
Across the barren wastes of land;  
As wood and iron ships go sailing  
From ports of snow to burning sand.  
All my life I've long'd to be  
A roving man upon the sea.  
Perhaps the Lord will see that I  
May ride the waves, 'neath cloudy sky:  
Free! Free! is the call of the salty spray  
As it blows against my toughened face;  
Free! Free! the dancing waves convey  
As they run their everlasting race,  
Bounding breezes may blow amain  
Yet sailor lives to sail again.  
He buffets the winds that blow amain,  
Yet to his ship he will remain.  
And then in days of pea-soup fog  
When all the world seems dreary,  
When one can barely read the log,  
Seaman sleeps not — though weary.  
Aye! 'tis a hard and toughish life,  
Full of sorrow, loss and strife.  
'Tis all a man can do to eat  
When cheaters run the fishing fleet.  
But then the season opens soon  
When cod and halibut are found in shoals.  
At work from dawn to mid-night noon,  
Where giant whales in calmness loll  
These monsters of the briny deep  
Can neither plunge and cannot leap  
As dancing porpoises in flight  
From dusky dawn 'til darkened night.  
Why kill these precious gifts of God?  
Whose beauty makes this life more rich.  
Whose lasting work, which like the pod  
Falls in and grows in fertile ditch.  
I would not change this my abode  
For that of dusty landborn road  
But sail for ever on and on  
To meet each day a different dawn.



## A History of the R.F.C.

Today, military aviation is only thirty years old, for it was in 1912, two years before the Great War, that a Royal Warrant was issued to constitute the Royal Flying Corps. When war was declared, the R.F.C., although it possessed less than one hundred serviceable machines, was in action in less than two weeks. In late August, a part of the British Army was saved from encirclement when an air reconnaissance discovered a German troop concentration north of Mons. The same week, the first bombs were dropped by hand, signifying that aerial warfare had begun.

By the end of the year, pilots were demanding three things: wireless sets, cameras, and machine guns. During the first battles of the war, it was realized that the main functions of the R.F.C. were observation, liaison work, and artillery direction, hence the cameras and the wireless. Co-ordination of the air and ground operations began in 1915, when British troops attacked at Neuve-Chapelle with photographs of the enemy defences to guide them. In the battle of Loos, air attacks aided by a new bomb-sight made enemy troop movements increasingly difficult, until in October 1915, the Fokker monoplanes, with machine guns firing through the propeller, appeared, and predominated, for a while, the French battlefronts.

By 1916, however, new scouts and formation flying had largely overcome the Fokker menace, while British synchronized fire control gears had made their first appearance. Also, for army co-operation, the "contact patrol" system was introduced, which enabled the R.F.C. to give maximum support to the infantry, in the battle of the Somme, at the same time giving the Germans a feeling of defenselessness. Meanwhile, at home, defence aircraft had accounted for at least seven raiding zeppelins, and a night-flying training school had been inaugurated at Hamslow.

In 1917, when the enemy had retired to the Hindenburg Line, he was harassed by low-flying air attacks, although new German aircraft and the "circus formation" caused up to thirty per cent casualties to be suffered by airmen engaged. In 1918 the German advance under Hindenburg was halted, partially by the continual low-flying and bombing attacks by the R.F.C.

This superiority was to a great degree due to the new system of training, the most striking of which was the \_\_\_\_\_ system introduced late in 1917. At the training schools every conceivable manoeuvre was taught as a routine to rout and deceive the enemy.

Daylight raids and competition among various manufacturers to supply the R.F.C. were the two main reasons for forming an air ministry, for when, in July 1917, twenty German aeroplanes raided London causing some casualties, public clamour resulted in the retention of four hundred fighters — a ridiculous number since the total available enemy force numbered probably not over fifty machines at any time.

Therefore, later in the year, the Air Force Act was passed and in 1918 the Royal Air Force came into being. This decision to create an independent, unified Air Force and a separate Air Ministry is seen to have been a change of world-wide and historic importance.

D. S. Fletcher. Upper VI.

## "Pedro Cadoza"

Only three quarters of a mile to sea from the little town of Maranhao lies "a ishlandio dos leprosarios"—the Leper Island. The island is surrounded by dark waters infested with sharks. These ravenous monsters may be seen at any time cutting their way through the sea and creating swirling eddies with their tails. Every Tuesday, a large white boat driven by an old wizened negro cuts a way through these waters to that island so jealously guarded by nature. The vessel is full of shuddering men and women; a cargo of lost humanity destined to an earthly hell.

In the centre of the island there is a large, flat, green area—a treacherous swamp which steams continually releasing heavy pungent odours of rotten vegetation. The surface appears to be hard and firm, yet many lepers driven to madness in their agony have lost their lives by plunging through the deceptive soil into a bed of slimy, oozing mud, which fills their mouths and nostrils, suffocating the life from their wretched bodies.

Five years ago, on one fine Tuesday afternoon, Pedro Cadoza, a tall, thin, dark-haired Brazilian, stepped onto the island. The large white squares of leprosy on his arms and face, outlined heavily by the bronzed skin, had not yet spread to the lower parts of his body and Pedro had that vain hope of all lepers in the primary stage of the disease, that some day he might leave the island a healthy man. Alas, like all those whose skin becomes discoloured in that singular way and whose body deteriorates before Death has marked his time, Pedro remained on the island.

As we see him now, his body is bent; his features are twisted; a few straggling grey hairs are present to remind us of the healthy black crop which had been so firmly rooted in his scalp five years ago; his voice is cracked like that of an old man. Pedro is following a strange procession along the only street of the leper colony. On each side of him square, white-washed buildings stare indifferently at that which must be to them a familiar scene. The cortege, for such is that little group of lepers who carry a bleached body on the rough litter, proceeds to a yellow building from which a heavy iron gong tolls a ponderous knell.

On the litter lies the body of a young girl who had suffered leprosy for two long years. Her body twitches violently as parasitic germs feed on her snow white corpse. As he watches, one of the bearers stumbles, jarring the left arm from the body which smashes to a crumpled heap on the ground. A black cloud of ants rise from the dislocated member and buzz angrily at the disturbance; before, however, the procession disappears into the yellow building, these ferocious creatures resume their interrupted meal with unflagging energy and persistence.

Inside the building a large fire burns. Two priests clad in yellow robes scatter a powder on the red hot embers. Flames rise higher and higher; they become white and hotter, lighting the pale faces of the lepers with a lurid glow. The bearers of the litter advance; they pause and at a word of command from the priests they toss the brittle body of the girl into the leaping flames. Searing, leaping, and biting like the ravenous sharks, the fire destroyed the human remains.



Pedro Cadoza walks slowly from the funeral pyre, the crackle of the flames and the mournful chant of the priests still echoing in his mind. Outside he pauses to stare across the waters. The sun was about to set, and to plunge beyond the green line of jungle on the far side of the channel. The muddy and turbid waters change from a bright orange to a crimson shade. The flow and movement of the water is barely visible; no light breeze disturbs the smooth surface. A surge of energy and youth bursts through his veins. He lifts his head to the sky and bows to the oncoming night . . . .

A procession could be seen wending its way slowly towards the yellow building.

A. Macrae, Form Lower VI.



## Some Words With a Demon

"Listen to ME," insisted the Demon over my shoulder, "the regions of which I speak are in the Shades of Azrael, into which no being CORPOREAL has penetrated. The great shadow, I say, is matter in its infinite state."

I was profoundly startled, and made efforts to turn and question him who had uttered this, but I could not speak, nor even move my head, but sat rigidly, gazing upon the unnaturally wild landscape before me. Amid a vast barren tract of mountains, the height of whose summits inspired at once the deepest awe, we sat on a towering ledge, high on a windy pinnacle that out-topped the loftiest; tiny clouds eddied about our feet, and the characters engraved on its peak in coruscating quartz were — SOLITUDE. Suddenly a laxity overcame me, as if a curse had been lifted, and once more I was able to move and speak.

"Doubtless," I ventured crisply, "you are confusing the idea of shadow with that of spirit."

"Not at all," continued he, "although perhaps I may confuse YOU. You are acquainted, probably, with the rudimentary surface scratches you mortals have made upon physics. 'Spirit,' in the ultimate life, has come to mean a quality, or conception of the essence of quality; 'shadow,' as I have said, is the ultra-infinite, or ultimately perfected state of matter, but not matter as you conceive it."

"But if the matter of which you speak is beyond our conception or appreciation, then it is no longer an entity."

"You are right," replied the Demon thoughtfully, "and yet you are wrong. It cannot be termed 'matter' in full accordance with the narrowly limiting standards that comprise your scope of conception, and yet to us, the unreal as you might say, who can perceive the entire of which you are aware of only a part relative to yourselves, it is clearly in the category of completeness, that you, being unable to comprehend, have called 'spirit' and 'infinity'."

"You say, in a category of completeness?"

"Yes. Take, for instance, from your knowledge of physics, the light-bearing ether. When such a fine degree of rarity is attained, it is the propensity of mankind to associate it with spirit, or nihility, were it not for obscure proofs of its atomic structure.

"Actually, then, to the greatest of your knowledge you have here arrived at the ultimate rarity of matter; yet if you proceed beyond this, you will eventually arrive at a mass that in rarity compares with the luminiferous ether as does the ether with adamant or iron. This, then, is a mass unparticled and indivisible—one—the complete state of matter."

"Is this, therefore," I queried, "the shadow of which you speak—this ultimately complete state of matter?"

"The Shadow, yes," pursued he, "but thereafter you confuse your ideas. It is the complete state of matter, certainly, but not the ultimate . . ."

"But," I interrupted, "you have said that 'the shadow is matter in its complete state'."



"That is true," sighed the Demon, "inasmuch as you choose to call it so. To us there is no infinity; but to you, matter perfected has attained a point that lies beyond your imagination, which you call 'infinite' or 'infinity.' But allow me to proceed. Matter, to attain its ultimate state, passes through a focus, as it were, and becomes thereby converted into vibratory motion."

"I do not comprehend," I said.

"When matter ceases to be such, it becomes energy. This vibratory motion is in turn applied to the mind, and may be interpreted as thought. When the senses are excited, a vibratory energy is set in motion by the brain, and permeates the mind and being. It is of this I speak. The perfected, unparticled matter in its ultimate and vibratory state is the Great Creative Spirit, or God."

"Sacrilege!" I shouted.

"But," persisted the Demon, "why should the mind be not more revered than the body? God, although not a corporate being, yet impels all mankind; and certainly man is thereby fashioned in the image of that of which he is a part. Say what you will, man is individualized only insofar as a part of the vibratory motion you call thought, but is in reality God, is invested in a Corporate being which we call the Man; but when this falls decaying from the Essential Being, the vibratory energy becomes thereby reconverted into the perfected state of matter indivisible."

"In other words, you say man's soul becomes again a part of the spirit which generated it?"

"No, for that is absurdity. The vibratory particle has a distinguishing PERSONALITY that influences its motion. I say personality in order to bring out the full meaning of the word as you use it. The souls, as you might say, return to their nascent existence, but taken collectively, cannot form a common Spirit. Thus the matter is restored to completeness, and being so, everything is thereby perceptible to it."

"I do not follow."

"And it is impossible for you to do so. But allow me to illustrate. Are you cognizant of the fact that you are able to see less of yourself than does any living being around you? You look from the inside, out, and are able to see only a fraction of your own body; your vision is thus obstructed and limited. In a like manner, your capacity for perception is cut to a quarter, speaking of rudimentary, material existence. However, when the soul is released, being uncaged from the body, it is able to perceive throughout its entire being, the whole being set in motion; and therefore becomes aware of all secrets but divine volition. It remains in this state of 'universal perception' until such a time as it is to be again caged."

"You say that the soul is to be re-incarnated?"

"Not exactly. It is a rather impersonal re-incarnation, and yet the vibratory motion is essentially the same. Thus, perhaps a century from now there will be a being upon this earth who will exhibit the identical traits of personality that you have done during your lifetime. The life of man is a focus between two lenses; the one, birth—the other, death. Consider parallel rays of energy between the two; at both extremities they will be refracted to a focal point, and so cross to infinity. The first of these is the infinite point at which matter becomes motion, and expands until, passing through birth, it has fully pervaded the being. Following death, the energy of the motion diminishes until, through the second focal point, it ceases and again becomes matter perfected. Thus life is an entity complete within itself, with a beginning

and an end, but of what precedes the beginning and follows the end, you know nothing."

And when he had said this, he laughed a long, sonorous laugh that reverberated throughout the hills, and again the paralysis seized me. But when he breathed on my face there came to my nostrils the detestable putrescence of a thousand decaying bodies in the catacombs of Ptolemais, and there immediately ensued a violent storm that threatened to dislodge the ledge on which I was seated, and he fled on the wings of its onslaught.

F. S. Grant, Upper VI.

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## The Aerial Offensive Against Germany

With the collapse of France in June, 1940, the military situation looked dark. The invasion of Britain seemed a relatively simple matter for between the enemy and the English coast lay only a twenty-mile stretch of water. The small and ill-equipped British army was no match for the Wehrmacht. The only thing that stood between Hitler and victory was the R.A.F.

As their first step in the conquest of Britain the Nazis launched an average of four hundred planes every twenty-four hours hoping to knock out the British airdromes and port facilities. Sorely outnumbered R.A.F. fighters engaged the raiders and took an amazingly high toll of enemy craft. The ratio of losses was often seven to one; and after four months the fighting was climaxed by the shooting down of 185 planes on Sept. 15.

Unable to sustain such heavy losses the Luftwaffe resorted to night bombing in an effort to break civilian morale. Here again the Nazis failed to accomplish their aim. The British people stood firm, and improved defences took an increasingly high toll of Nazi night-raiders.

Hitler then ordered his forces to cease the costly attack on England. The bulk of the Luftwaffe and Wehrmacht were transferred to the Russian border for "easier" pickings. Meanwhile in Britain hundreds of new heavy bombers were being turned out: Stirlings, Manchesters, Halifaxes and Lancasters rolled from the assembly lines. New "block-buster" bombs, with five times the blasting power of anything the Nazis had previously used, were produced. At the same time in Canada the Empire Air Training scheme was pouring out a never-ending stream of qualified aircrews.

With the increase in men and machines Britain launched even more powerful fighter sweeps by day over the French coast, thus forcing the Nazis to keep one half of their fighter strength in western Europe. As the fighters came home the roar of engines of the night-bombers could be heard crossing the channel going to Berlin, Stuttgart, Bremen, Kiel and even over the Alps to attack military objectives in Italy. The main bombing attacks were delivered upon the Ruhr where eighty-five per cent of the German heavy war industries are concentrated.

To combat the ever increasing Allied aerial might Hitler was forced to keep 600,000 anti-aircraft guns and searchlight crews, 750,000 wardens and fire-fighters, 20,000 airmen and over 100,000 more assigned to other duties.



On March 26, 1942, the R.A.F. struck the first of a series of mighty blows. In three hours 340 tons of bombs were dropped on Rostock. This raid did over four times as great damage as the much-boasted Nazi raid on Coventry in which 250 tons of bombs were dropped in seven hours. But this was only a taste of what was to come. Hammer blows were struck in quick succession against Luebeck, Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. The climax came on May 30, 1942, when for the first time in the history of aerial warfare 1,130 bombers attacked Cologne; and within 90 minutes they wrought devastation over an immense area. Other 1,000-plane raids followed on Essen and Bremen.

With the arrival of United States air forces in Britain heavy daylight raids were carried out by Fortress and Liberator aircraft against Nazi-occupied territory. More recently the speedy new Mosquito bombers have been making daring attacks on Germany itself.

The United Nations will double and redouble the power and frequency of the blows against Germany. Under constant nervous strain and heavy bombing how long will it be before all Germans are asking, "Is it my turn next?" Surely the Germans must have already begun to ponder the wisdom of their leaders who taught them to gloat over the bombings of their fellow men in conquered countries. The spirits of thousands killed at Belgrade, Rotterdam and Warsaw will haunt their minds. Combined with offensive action of every kind the bombing of Germany will achieve its purpose.

ANON.



The Student Prints.

## An Honest Defeat?

The stadium is empty with the exception of a dog sunning himself on the field. He is an old dog and glad of a quiet refuge. It will not, however, be an abode of quiet for long, for soon there is to be a game—a football game. Flags and banners have been placed at convenient points atop the bleachers and many more hang above the covered stand. The field has been freshly marked, the grass newly mown; freshly painted goal-posts glitter in the sun—one, red and black, the other blue and gold. At the north end of the stadium there is a large scoreboard; over this stands a huge portrait of the national leader.

It is a beautifully sunny October day. Little white clouds scud playfully across the blue sky. The day is not hot and yet it is not too cold; it is a day that makes us thankful that we are alive; a day to praise the Maker of such a glorious creation.

An hour has passed; the dog has moved across the field and is now sitting on the sidelines. No longer is he alone, for an old man with an evident stoop has entered and is checking through a pile of leaflets—the programmes for the game. Another, a younger man, checks over his equipment on the players' bench. A group of uniformed men march on to the field, dismiss, and take positions at each entrance. All is ready.

People begin to come in. Two men enter wearing heavy raccoon coats and smoking cigars; following them a party of twelve; then a number of soldiers who move into the bleachers. A party of officers and girls come in, speak to a number of civilians who immediately relinquish their seats for others less prominently situated in the bleachers. The stadium is nearly full.

Our friend the dog, feeling that he is becoming too conspicuous in the eye of the public, moves farther back beside a uniformed soldier. The man with an impatient grunt kicks the dog and moves away. A murmur of disapproval rises and is quickly stifled. The dog limps to the far end of the field to lick his wounds.

At last! The game is about to begin. A large, brightly uniformed band marches about the field; the players follow closely behind, marching in quick-time. The band stops; there is silence. Then with the sound of a chord the people rise, some slowly, and many in a half-hearted manner. A stirring tune is played and again there is silence. Then is heard a loud fanatical shout cried in unison. Three times it echoes and re-echoes throughout the stadium.

The two teams quickly form up, the whistle blows and the game begins. The match is fast and exciting, and yet the crowd does not respond as it should; the officers and soldiers seem to be enjoying themselves, but the majority of the spectators are subdued and rather quiet. A murmur of approval at a well-executed play is heard occasionally or a shout for a popular player, but these are few.

At half-time there is no score. While the teams rest the band performs and a young man gives a rousing speech from the field. As he finishes his address, loud jeering is heard from the south end of the field and is picked up at scattered points in the stands but is soon silenced. Two of the uniformed men immediately remove those of the trouble-makers they are able to catch. The old man, finding that his supply of programmes is exhausted hurries away and soon returns with a large stack. The teams are ready.



In the closing moments of the last half the blue and gold team scores a touch-down and the game ends victoriously for them. The players form up at centre field; again the stirring tune is played, and again these fanatical shouts echo through the stadium. The game is over.

Slowly the spectators file out. The little stooped man collects the remainder of his programmes. The referee and one of the linesmen dawdle on the field while discussing the aspects of the game. The uniformed men fall in and march out, just as they had come. All is quiet; even the dog has left, probably to hunt his dinner by fair means or foul. The only remains of the day's activity are the flags, trailing at their masts, candy box wrappers and other paper strewn about the field.

No doubt the Third Reich was pleased to note that on a certain October day its German North American team was again victorious over the All-Star American squad. The victory, however, could not possibly have surprised the officials of the State; for what mere American football captain would dare to disobey the German Athletic Commissioner.

C. C. CROMBIE, Form V.

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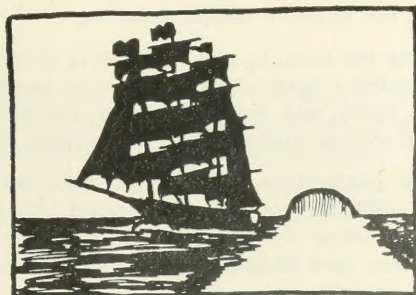
On entering his class one morning, a school-master saw on the blackboard a vicious caricature of himself.

"Who is responsible for this atrocity?" he demanded.

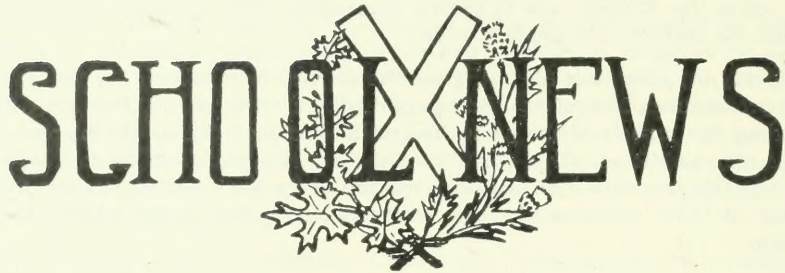
And from the back of the room came a loud whisper, "His parents, sir."

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The schoolboy definition of "Nota Bene," the dictionary meaning of which is "Mark Well," is "American slang, meaning absolutely penniless."



# SCHOOL NEWS



This year it was decided to attempt a scheme whereby some form of entertainment would be presented each alternate Saturday. The idea was duly initiated on the first week-end of term with a sing-song which was a great success. Sing-songs are greatly enjoyed by everyone and are carried out with much enthusiasm. We hope to enjoy more of them next term.

On Friday, October 9th, in the Assembly Hall, Dr. C. Rose, who is now the school-physician, gave an informal talk on "What Mankind Owes to a Lump of Coal." He was extremely interesting and congenial, and certainly gave us a most profitable and enjoyable evening. We hope to hear from Dr. Rose again soon.

The following fortnight, Saturday, October 24th, moving-pictures were shown in the Assembly Hall, largely owing to Mr. Ouchterlony who managed to hunt down a movie projector and some films. The projector, which belongs to the school, will be very useful in the future.

A number of items have been catalogued for future entertainment, but it is the express wish of the organizer of these bi-weekly gatherings — Mr. Ouchterlony (who with many other duties deserves much credit and thanks for the handling of this department) — that local talent should make itself known. Much fun and enjoyment may be had from our own skits and shows, perhaps more so since we now have the "Little Theatre."

Again this year, owing to the impossibility of obtaining a complete kitchen staff, the boys themselves are waiting on the dining-room tables. This system, ever since its institution, has proved a complete success.

It was decided during the term, to give show-leave to that shift of waiters which successfully completed a week of waiting with no breakages. Like many things, however, it was easier said than done; only two shifts have achieved the distinction of a week without mishaps since the opening of school.

Very few intra-mural publications are able to survive their first few issues, either owing to financial difficulties or a lack of material. There seems, however, to be an exception in the school — "The Jeep" edited by J. W. Taylor. This publication usually appears each Sunday night, although it must be said that there are occasional irregularities as regards the date of the issue. The editor and his staff deserve much credit for the work and effort they have put into their magazine. We hope to see more of "The Jeep" next term and any other publication which might be produced.



On Thursday, November the 26th, the annual election of officers of the Athletic Association took place. This year it was decided that the President should be a boy rather than one of the masters and that the position of Honorary President should be accorded one of the masters. The election was held by secret ballot rather than by a show of hands as in previous years.

The officers elected were as follows:—

*Honorary President*—N. Lane, Esq.

*President*—W. A. Mackenzie I.

*Vice-President*—J. M. Lowndes.

*Secretary*—W. B. Lappin.

At the beginning of the term an organized drive for the sale of War Savings Stamps was put into effect and fairly creditable results were received. This year the campaign is being directed by J. K. Temby who is assisted in Flavelle House by T. B. Chipman.

Although an appreciable sum has been raised during the term, it is felt that the school could make it much higher. Let us hope that the sale of stamps will soon rise to new heights next term.

During the Summer the Infirmary kitchen was outfitted with a new electric range and a modern electric refrigerator to replace the ice-box. Credit and thanks are due to Miss Bond who has spent arduous hours retouching and painting the woodwork and furniture in the Infirmary.

On Saturday evening, December 5th., the school enjoyed one of Mr. Ouchterlony's too-infrequent organ recitals. Among his selections were the Tocatta and Fugue in C Major which contains the famous Diamond Ring Solo for pedals. The organ recitals are very popular and are greatly enjoyed by all.

The school regrets the loss of Mr. Beer as Bursar. This loss to us all is keenly felt. However the school has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Bunting, who assumed the duties of School Bursar this Autumn.

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## The Library

This year owing to the annual donation on the part of the Ladies' Guild a larger amount of monthly and weekly periodicals have come to the School Library. A few small presentations have been donated to the library, including several modern plays presented by Mr. G. Tottenham. Several books are to be bought during the Christmas holidays. W. M. E. Clarkson has been appointed Head Librarian; other appointed librarians are: E. H. Crawford, J. K. Tembly, W. B. Lappin, J. W. Kennedy, and A. I. Macrae.

During the week of November 22nd to the 29th, all Flavelle House new boys were kept under strict observation by the prefects. New boys were compelled to run from building to building, using only the back entrances. In the diningroom a strict silence had to be maintained, and the newcomers to St. Andrew's were obliged to eat square meals, in the most literal meaning of the term. At any time during this week, new boys were required to prove their identity to the prefects by exhibiting an identity card attached to the tails of their shirts. The "reign of terror" was brought to a close by a grand initiation of all the new boys in the gym on Saturday evening, which brought variety, novelty, and amusement to the old boys watching.

On Thursday, November 27th, the annual soccer game between Memorial and Flavelle Houses was played. With due pomp and ceremony the performance was carried out; the Memorial Mammoths and the Flavelle Fleas were both sure of victory, however, the Mammoths had a slight edge, winning by a score of 1-0.

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## Prefects

Six prefects have been chosen for the year. These are:

- W. A. Mackenzie.
- D. G. Cameron.
- W. M. E. Clarkson.
- E. H. Crawford.
- W. B. Lappin.
- R. M. Lightbourn.

W. A. Mackenzie has been chosen Head Prefect, and to him we extend our most sincere congratulations.



## The Ladies' Guild

of

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

### The Committee

<i>Honorary President</i> .....	Mrs. D. A. Dunlap
<i>President</i> .....	Mrs. W. B. McPherson
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Mrs. J. L. Rapmund
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Mrs. R. H. M. Lowndes
<i>Assistant Secretary</i> .....	Mrs. A. D. Cobban
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Mrs. C. S. Wynne
	Mrs. E. S. Crawford
	Mrs. J. C. Garrett
	Mrs. R. E. Grass
	Mrs. F. G. Hall
	Mrs. D. Hamilton
	Mrs. K. G. McKenzie
	Mrs. J. C. Nicholls

The Autumn meeting was held in the Chapel on Wednesday, October the 21st prior to prize giving. There was an unusually large attendance due to the excellent work of the Transportation Committee. Owing to the increased number of boys at the college there were many new members who were warmly welcomed.

Of prime interest are the Andreans now serving overseas, so the War Fund is our main objective and donations and knitted garments are urgently required as the numbers are increasing steadily and this is becoming a big undertaking. Maple sugar sent in the Spring was greatly appreciated and excerpts were read from letters acknowledging the receipt of parcels. The Christmas parcels are now on their way.

The Library Committee reported the placing of a new chair which completes the furnishing of the room. The usual donation towards magazine subscriptions was voted.

A letter of congratulation to Commander Ketchum on his promotion was sent from the meeting. Excerpts from a letter received by the president from Mrs. Ketchum were most interesting to the members.

In token of the esteem and appreciation of the members for long and devoted service to the Junior Boys Miss De Vigne was elected the first Honorary Life Member of the Guild.

## The Hallowe'en Party

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31st

After study, boys from the Upper and Middle School gathered in the Flavelle House Common Room to share cider, doughnuts, and apples in the celebration of Hallowe'en.

Mr. Ouchterlony was persuaded to accompany on the piano, a sing-song which rang the proverbial rafters.

Three hearty cheers were given for Mrs. Sanderson and her staff who had so efficiently and abundantly provided the food.

We wish again to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Sanderson and her staff, through whose efforts the entertainment was made possible.

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## Prize Giving

The forty-third annual Prize Giving at St. Andrew's College took place this year on Wednesday afternoon, the twenty-first of October. Despite the difficulties in transportation, many guests attended the ceremony.

Dr. Armitage, Principal of Wycliffe College read the lesson; and following him Chancellor Brown of Victoria College offered a prayer for Schools and Universities throughout the Dominion.

On behalf of the staff and himself, Mr. Garrett extended a cordial welcome to all visitors. In his report of school progress during the past year, he mentioned that there were one hundred and sixty-seven boys in attendance at the school this year as compared with one hundred and forty seven the previous. He remarked upon how the school had overcome the various difficulties brought about by war; he stated also that there were one hundred and thirty Old Boys now on active service overseas, of whom ten had been reported killed. He then repeated a telegram received earlier in the day from Commander Ketchum, recently promoted from the rank of Lieut. Commander, who expressed his hope that the boys would remember Nelson's famous message, "England expects every man to do his duty." Mr. Garrett concluded his address by calling upon Dr. Macdonald, Chairman of the Board of Governors, to present the Lower School prizes.

Following the presentation of these, Dr. MacDonald extended his congratulations to the masters and Old Boys of St. Andrew's College who had volunteered in the Armed Forces. He lauded Mr. Garrett for his success in leading the school through extremely trying times, and praised the boys for "acquitting themselves like men."

Bishop Rennison presented the middle school prizes, following which he entertained the gathering with an amusing anecdote which I feel sure few of us shall forget.

The Upper School prizes were presented by Chancellor Brown. He parted with the sound admonition that the object of education was to provide ourselves with a "self-starter," likening it to that of the automobile.

Dr. Cody, President of the University of Toronto, presented the special scholastic awards. He returned thanks to Dr. MacDonald and congratulated Mr. Garrett on his splendid achievements.



Shooting and athletic awards were given by Mrs. Alexander Sinclair. She later received a bouquet of red roses.

The ceremony came to a close with the singing of the National Anthem; afterward a reception for the visitors was held in the Assembly Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Garrett.

## St. Andrew's College Prize List—1941-42

October 21st, 1942

### GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

HONOUR LIST (June Examinations) 2nd Class and up  
(66% or higher)

Lower II 1st R. V. Worling .....	R. V. Worling
2nd. W. P. Lewis .....	W. P. Lewis
	L. C. Heit
Upper II 1st. A. J. S. Fletcher .....	A. J. S. Fletcher
2nd. J. L. Howland .....	J. L. Howland
	W. R. Howson
	G. A. F. Campbell
Writing and Spelling Prize .....	P. S. Fletcher
(Mr. Graham Campbell)	
Scripture Prize (Mr. J. L. Wright) .....	J. L. Howland
Drawing Prize .....	John Davis
English Prize (Mr. R. C. Kilgour) .....	P. S. Fletcher
Music Prize (Mr. D. Ouchterlony) .....	G. A. R. Campbell
Form III 1st. A. E. Weldon .....	A. E. Weldon
2nd. C. E. Medland .....	J. K. Crowe
3rd. J. K. Crowe .....	C. E. Medland
4th. D. G. Davis .....	D. G. Davis
	J. L. Cobban
	I. F. Flemming
	P. S. Fletcher
	F. A. McKenzie
	P. C. Garratt
	R. A. F. Montgomery

*St. Andrew's College Review*

Form IV 1st. J. H. Park .....	J. H. Park
2nd. J. W. Kennedy .....	J. W. Kennedy
3rd. W. A. Beverly .....	W. A. Beverly
	R. D. Knox
	R. W. Nicholls
	H. B. Shepard
	C. A. Hirsch
	F. Aspinall

Form V 1st. C. W. Eddis .....	C. W. Eddis
2nd. A. I. Macrae .....	A. I. Macrae
3rd. T. M. Adamson .....	Gary Rapmund
4th. Gary Rapmund .....	T. M. Adamson
5th. J. D. Ballon .....	J. D. Ballon
	J. A. Garratt
	J. V. Horwood
	E. R. Chamandy

## Form Lower VI

1st. R. K. Jones .....	R. K. Jones
2nd. F. S. Grant .....	D. S. Fletcher
3rd. D. S. Fletcher .....	F. S. Grant
	A. G. Hyde
	J. R. Chipman

## Form Upper VI

1st. D. A. S. Fraser .....	D. A. S. Fraser
2nd. E. M. Ballon .....	E. M. Ballon
3rd. A. M. Hurter .....	A. M. Hurter
4th. (C. G. Cotter .....	C. G. Cotter
(W. G. Grant .....	W. G. Grant
	W. M. E. Clarkson
	C. E. Spence
	C. D. Boothe
	K. C. Pilley
	R. B. Stapells
	W. B. Lappin
	T. C. Cossitt
	A. R. Thiele
	R. B. Ramsey



**SPECIAL PRIZES**

Scripture Prize—Upper School .....	J. W. Kennedy
Isabelle Cockshutt Prize (Can. and Anc. History) .....	F. H. Phippen
Isabelle Cockshutt Prize (Mod. History) .....	C. G. Cotter
Review Prize (Four Former Editors) .....	C. G. Cotter
Wyld Prize in Latin (Mrs. W. B. McPherson and Mrs. Victory Sifton in Memory of their grandfather—Mr. Frederick Wyld) ....	A. R. Thiele
Hulbig Medal in Mathematics .....	F. S. Grant
Ashton Medal in English (Charles Ashton — an Old Boy) .....	C. G. Cotter
Georges Etienne Cartier Medal in French (Mr. Beer—an old boy) .....	E. M. Ballon
Chairman's Gold Medal .....	R. K. Jones
Cooper Medal in Science .....	A. M. Hurter
Macdonald Medal (Presented by the Old Boys' Association to the boy most distinguished in studies and athletics alike) .....	J. R. Chipman
Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics .....	D. A. S. Fraser
Lieut. Governor's Silver Medal .....	R. K. Jones
Lieut. Governor's Bronze Medal .....	D. S. Fletcher
Governor General's Medal .....	D. A. S. Fraser

**SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SHOOTING**

Rifle Presented by the 48th Highlanders Chap- ter of the I.O.D.E. for Prof. in Shooting .....	R. B. Stapells
Christie Cup (Mrs. R. J. Christie for Proficien- cy in shooting) .....	T. C. Cossitt
Gordon Thorley Medal (Mr. Gordon Thorley, an Old Boy, for Prof. in shooting) .....	W. G. Grant
Laurence Crowe Medal for shooting (In mem- ory of Laurence Crowe, an old boy) .....	F. S. Grant
Strathcona Medal for shooting .....	C. A. Hirsch
Cricket Bat—Lower School .....	P. C. Garratt
Cricket Cup (Bermuda Old Boys) .....	R. W. T. Opie

**Athletic Prize Day**

On the afternoon of November 3rd, the school gathered in the Assembly Hall to witness the presentation of the Athletic prizes. The winners were announced by Mr. Garrett, and awards were presented by Mrs. Garrett.

The ceremony was favourably concluded by Mr. Garrett declaring the afternoon a half-holiday.

**BOXING**

75 lbs. ....	Marks
90 lbs. ....	Feith
95 lbs. Jr. ....	Hirsch
95 lbs. Sr. ....	J. Davis
125 lbs. Jr. ....	Hepburn
125 lbs. Jr. ....	Adamson
145 lbs. ....	Pollock

**SKI RACES**

Ski Race Handicap, Large Bronze .....	Hall I
Ski Race, Small Bronze .....	McKenzie II
Ski Race, Small Sterling .....	P. C. Garratt

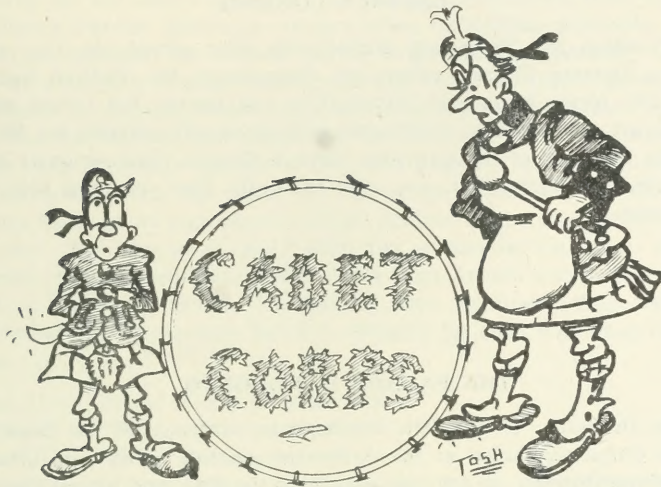
**RUNNING**

100 yds., Small bronze .....	McLeod
100 yds., Small bronze .....	Worling I
100 yds., Small bronze .....	Hortop
100 yds., Large bronze .....	Lowndes
100 yds., Small sterling .....	Munro
100 yds., Small sterling .....	Jones
220 yds., Small bronze .....	Hortop
220 yds., Small bronze .....	Lowndes
220 yds., Large bronze .....	McLeod
220 yds., Small sterling .....	Jones
440 yds., Small bronze .....	McLeod
440 yds., Large bronze .....	Kennedy
440 yds., Large bronze .....	Cameron II
880 yds., Large bronze .....	Kennedy
880 yds., Large bronze .....	Garratt I
One mile, Large bronze .....	Kennedy

**JUMPING**

Hurdles .....	Jones
Shot Put .....	Hortop
Broad Jump .....	Jones
High Jump .....	Jones
Pole Vault .....	Lowry





**OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s**

Captain: E. H. Crawford.

Sergeant Major: D. G. Cameron.

	Band	No. 1 Platoon.	No. 2 Platoon.	No. 3 Platoon
Lieutenant	W. L. Mackenzie	J. M. Lowndes	W.M.E. Clarkson	W. B. Lappin
Sergeant	McLeod (Pipes) Sumner (Drums)	Phippen	Temby	Errington I
Corporal	Kennedy (Pipes) Opie I (Drums)	Lightbourn	Rapmund	Garratt I
Lance-Corp.		Lowry	Pollock	Grant
Lance-Corp.		Hendrie I	Knowles	Taylor

Company Quartermaster Sergeant: K. G. Cameron.

Quartermaster Lance-Corporal: T. M. Adamson.

### DEFENCE COURSES

On Tuesdays and Thursdays immediately after school, the four top forms are taking Defence Classes, which are compulsory; Mr. Tudball instructs the 4th. and 5th. forms in general organization and tactics; the Lower and Upper 6th. forms are instructed in small arms and its branch subjects by Mr. Wright. During the first half of the term the Defence Classes were seriously hampered by other school activities, but now, after half-term, they are being held regularly twice a week.

### THE PARADE IN TORONTO

At the invitation of the 48th Highlanders, and also at the boys' request, the Cadet Corps assembled at the Armouries on the rather cold afternoon of Sunday, November 8th., to join the parade of the 48th. and attend the armistice service at the Regimental Memorial in Queen's Park. As this fell during the half-term week-end, and most of the members of the Corps were in Toronto anyway, transportation, as on the previous occasion proved no hindrance. There were seven units and four bands in all; the St. Andrew's College Cadet Corps was preceded by members of the 134th. Bn. Veterans, and followed by the Rotary Youth Club Cadets. At about 2:15 the parade marched out through the main entrance of the Armouries, up University Avenue to Dundas Street, and turning left up Bay and along Bloor Street; from here the guide led the Corps down University Avenue to the south side of the Memorial in Queen's Park, where the Corps closed up and with the other units formed a square around the Memorial.

Lieut.-Col. G. M. Malone was officer commanding and Hon. Capt. the Rev. Norman A. MacEachern was Assistant Chaplain. The service opened with the hymn "O God Our Help in Ages Past," followed by an appropriate lesson, and the Rev. MacEachern gave a short address which was followed by "O Valiant Hearts" and the Last Post. Then the Regimental Brass Band, which played the accompaniment throughout the service, played the Lament while four men of the 48th. Highlanders performed the Ceremonial on the Cenotaph. Following this, a few prayers were offered, and wreaths were placed by various representatives of the different units in memory of the gallant men who gave their lives in the service of their country during the last Great War. When the Reveille had been sounded the National Anthem was sung and the service came to an end with the Benediction.

The parade proceeded down University Avenue to the Armouries, where it was dismissed; immediately afterward, steaming hot coffee and doughnuts were served.



**THE PARADE TO AURORA**

The war did not entirely prevent the S.A.C. Cadet Corps from holding its annual Church Parade. Although transportation difficulties precluded a parade in Toronto, as has been the custom, on the bright Sunday morning of October 18th. the St. Andrew's College Cadets marched from the school grounds to the United Church in Aurora, where they were the guests of the Rev. Hicks. The uniform was the familiar and traditional kilt and red tunic, resurrected again from moth balls in spite of the times. The band played a few well-known Scotch marches along the road, and piped the rest of the Corps into the Church. The service was fairly short and direct, and St. Andrew's was paid tribute with the school hymn, "Fight the good fight." After the ceremonies the fall-in attracted a considerable crowd of admirers and the exit from Aurora was as successful and colourful as the entry. Before the Cadets were dismissed, they were highly commended by their instructor, Mr. J. L. Wright, for good marching and general discipline.

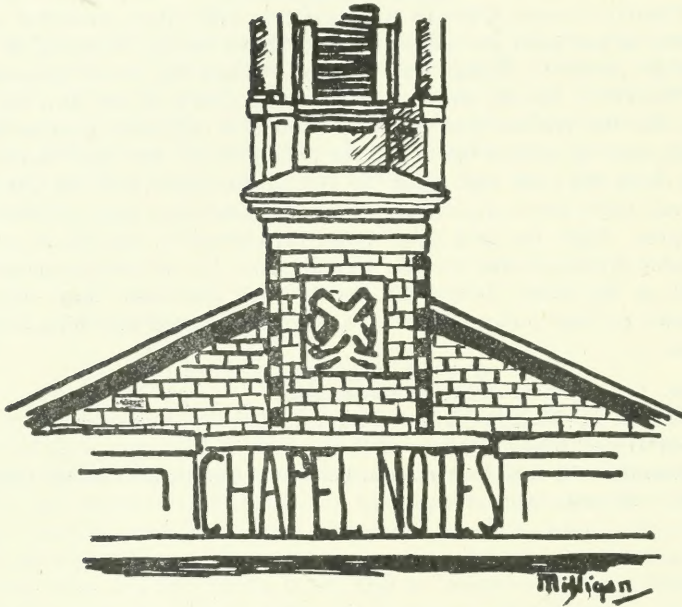
Fletcher II — "I'm as strong as Superman."

Goldsmith — "Well, that's not much."

Fletcher II — "Who's stronger then?"

Goldsmith — "I read in my Latin book that Caesar pitched his camp across the river — it was a wide river, too."





## The Chapel

When Dr. Stanley Russell came to the school on Sunday, November 22nd, to conduct an evening communion service in the chapel, he told us of a letter he had received from an old boy now serving in the navy on the Atlantic. In the letter he (the old boy) said that the thing he most wanted when in a storm on convoy duty was to attend once again a Chapel Service at the school. This is a proof of the importance of the part that the Chapel plays in our daily lives here. To go into Chapel each morning, to sit and forget all, even for a few fleeting moments, as we, gathered together in an intimate group for the only time of the day, enjoy singing a hymn, hearing a lesson taken from the Bible, and offering a few prayers before pursuing the course of the day, is always a great comfort to us all.

Since the middle of November, we have been remaining after morning Chapel Service to practise the carols for the service. We further appreciate the time and effort taken by Mr. Ouchterlony in developing harmony singing in the school.

It has always been our custom to print verbatim one of the outstanding sermons delivered us during the course of the term. We here give that preached by Mr. J. C. Garrett, M.A., acting headmaster, on Sunday, September 20th.



## Mr. Garrett's Sermon

Today, at our first service of the year, I do not want to give you a sermon but talk to you about the most important aspects of your schooldays, the development of your minds. An old Latin proverb summed up in a crisp phrase the object of every man in a few words "Mens sana in corpore sano," — "A sound mind in a sound body," and it is of the first of these that I wish to speak to you. It is of course, of the very greatest importance that you should build up sound bodies: He who has a sound body possesses a pearl of great price, and half the battles of life are made simple to him who is strong and hardy. . . . It is true that many great men have struggled through life battling with disease and illness. R. L. Stevenson spent a good deal of his life in bed under doctor's care, as did the great poet Alexander Pope, who called his life "a long disease." The author of a book which everyone should read, "Gulliver's Travels" was haunted by a terrible disease from the time he was twenty; the poet Keats suffered from tuberculosis and was stricken down by death in his twenties. Other men have been luckier and achieved a great deal more, but the men who suffered sickness had one great asset—they knew how to keep the mind keen, active, strong and curious. Life to them was never dull, was never boring, because keen minds made up for the defects of their bodies. Let us learn from them, the sick, the lessons for us who are not invalids. "The healthy know not of their health" said Thomas Carlyle, "but only the sick." Those of you, and I hope it includes all of you, who are strong do not know how lucky you are to be healthy.

But even a strong man can be bored with life if his mind is empty. If you are ever listless and bored and restless, who is to blame, do you think? Only you. There are millions of things to discover and know about on this earth, and if you are not curious to know as much as you can, then you are letting your minds go dead. People who are not interested in life are not interesting, people who are bored with life are boring. If you ever discover that you can't find anything to do with yourself, if you are bored, what has happened is that you are letting your curiosity about life run dry. No man who is curious about things is ever bored.

What then should you do? You should try to have as many interests as you can. Don't be one-sided, don't be one of those men who spends all his time thinking about, talking about, and doing, the same thing. If a man has only one interest, he is lost, for when that interest disappears he has nothing left. Let me tell you a true story: A few years ago I knew a man who had a strong, robust physique; he was very active and lively, and worked in a government office. This position he had held for thirty years and he worked hard in it. But that man had no hobbies; his life was his job, and when he came home in the evenings he had nothing with which to relax his mind. At sixty-five he retired, hale and hearty, but time began to weigh heavily on his hands. He had nothing to do. Inside of two months I heard that he never got up for breakfast because he felt too feeble; in six months he was spending all of his time in a wheelchair, and in two years he was dead. The last two years of his life had been miserably wretched. He used to sit in his chair, listlessly, yet he was not ill; he never read anything, he

never interested himself even in the affairs of his own family. Conversation with visitors did not interest him. He was bored. That sort of tragedy is not unusual; anyone you speak to on the subject will tell you the same thing: The man who has only one interest in life is doomed. Be wise now; if you have no hobby get one; if you are bored by reading, take yourself in hand now. When you are middle-aged men, you will be glad you learned how to read and enjoy good books.

You need never be bored. You have perhaps been told over and over again that education is a preparation for life, but I wonder if the people who use this phrase always know what they mean by it? "Education for life"—what does it mean? Well, first of all, you learn to read, to write, to do sums. Later on you learn history, geography, foreign languages, you learn to read poetry, you learn to do problems in advanced mathematics. Why? Now all of you can see why you learn to read, and write and work sums. Some day in the business world you will use that knowledge directly. But what about history, geography, poetry and languages? You learn so that first, history will help you understand world affairs or be interested in them; second, so that literature can be an interest for your spare time; third, that through knowing another language you can understand your own language better, and can take an interest in other nations and civilizations. What then is education for? To keep away the menace of boredom with life. The man who is truly educated is always interested: His life is always an exciting adventure. So if you find your books dull, take a good look at yourself before you complain about them. Perhaps you are to blame more than the books.

But there is more to it than that: books have another great purpose as well: to teach you how to live. In the great books that have been written by men in the past three thousand years there is stored for you, if you care to discover it, the wisdom of life. In books that you will read as you grow older you will learn to understand life, to be able to judge better what is right and what is wrong. The man who reads nothing has little judgment. The great English writer, Matthew Arnold, said: "All the books and all the learning in the world, are only useful insofar as they are helps to us." Books should help us to understand the world we live in. If you do not wish to understand, by all means read nothing; but if you do, now is the time to begin. Of course you must read some things for pleasure, to relax your minds, but do not forget there is another kind of reading as well—reading for knowledge and wisdom.

And now I want to turn to another problem. So far I have been speaking as if we were living in the clear, untroubled days of peace, but unfortunately we are at war. What are we fighting against? Before I answer that question, let me give you a picture. When the Nazis, whose members were recruited for the most part from the dregs of society, first came to power they began a systematic attack on writers, teachers, preachers and professors whose ideas differed from their own. Thousands the Nazis drove out into other countries, thousands they tortured or murdered, thousands they imprisoned. The Nazi leaders realized that it is easier to enslave people who are ignorant. One leading Nazi said that Hitler would give to the workers the great blessing of ignorance. Even now in all the occupied countries the best educated people are being cut down, so that the conquered nations will in time become ignorant.



But to return to the picture of which I spoke. In 1933 when Hitler came to power, gangs of Nazis, (and many of them were no more than school boys) broke into schools, colleges, museums and great libraries, usually at night, and removed from the book-shelves thousands of the greatest books to be found, then lugged them out into the street where a great bonfire was built. Into the flames these ruffians hurled the precious volumes, and as the flames mounted up into the darkness, they danced about the fire shouting in hoarse brutal voices "Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil," "Hail to Victory! Hail to Victory!" What victory was really being celebrated? The victory of ignorance and the powers of darkness. Yet the Nazis were delighted and allowed newsreels depicting this atrocity to be sent all over the world. If the Nazis win this war you may confidently expect to see this same murderous attack on learned men and books to spread even into our own country. "As well kill a good man as kill a good book," cried John Milton. Books are precious things, and they are only one of the things our country is now defending.

But I would have you consider how lucky you are to live in a country where a man may read what he pleases, may develop his mind without being in terror of a murderous Secret Police. You are still young, and this good fortune is still yours. Do not then throw away the opportunity. You are the people who must preserve the world from ignorance and the Powers of Darkness. The time to begin is now; tomorrow is always too late. Therefore, do not waste the precious hours of your school days; they will never return. The mind that is sluggish and lazy today, will be sluggish and useless ten years from now. It is of the highest importance that in the words of the Preacher you begin now to "incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding." The opportunity will never come again.

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## Chapel Notes

On Sunday, September the 20th, Mr. Garrett spoke in the chapel. His text was: "Incline thine heart unto wisdom, apply your heart unto understanding."

On Sunday, October 3rd, Dr. Robinson spoke on the period of youth, using for his text, "Remember thou thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Bishop Beverly gave the address on Thanksgiving Sunday, the 11th. His subject was "The Gains of Work."

On Sunday the 18th, Dr. Stanley Russell spoke in the chapel. His sermon was based on the character of Paul the Apostle, pointing out that Paul had made a success of his life in spite of many handicaps in human nature.

On October 25th, Mr. Joe McCulley spoke on moral courage — to do that which is better instead of that which is good.

On Sunday, November 1st, Mr. Garrett preached the sermon. His subject was "The Spirit of Christianity."

On Sunday the 15th, Mr. B. P. Colclough spoke in the chapel. His text was "When the host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thyself from every evil thing."

On Sunday, November 29th, the Rev. George MacKay delivered an address upon the principles of Chinese religion and the background of Christian missionary work in Formosa. His sermon was interesting and instructive.



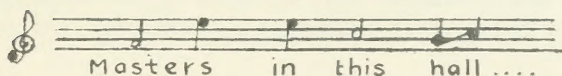
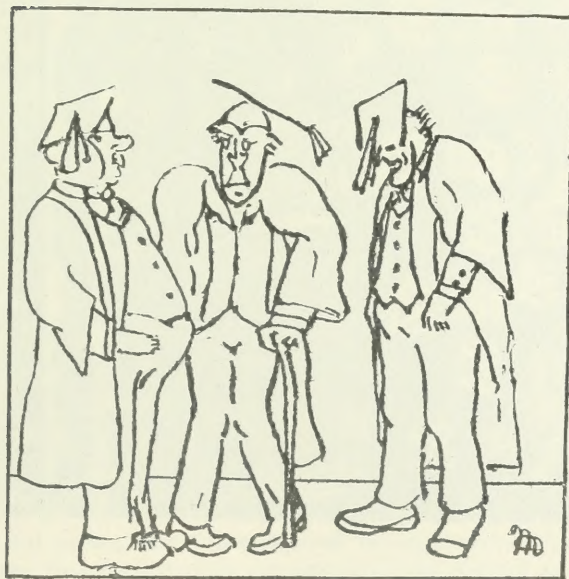


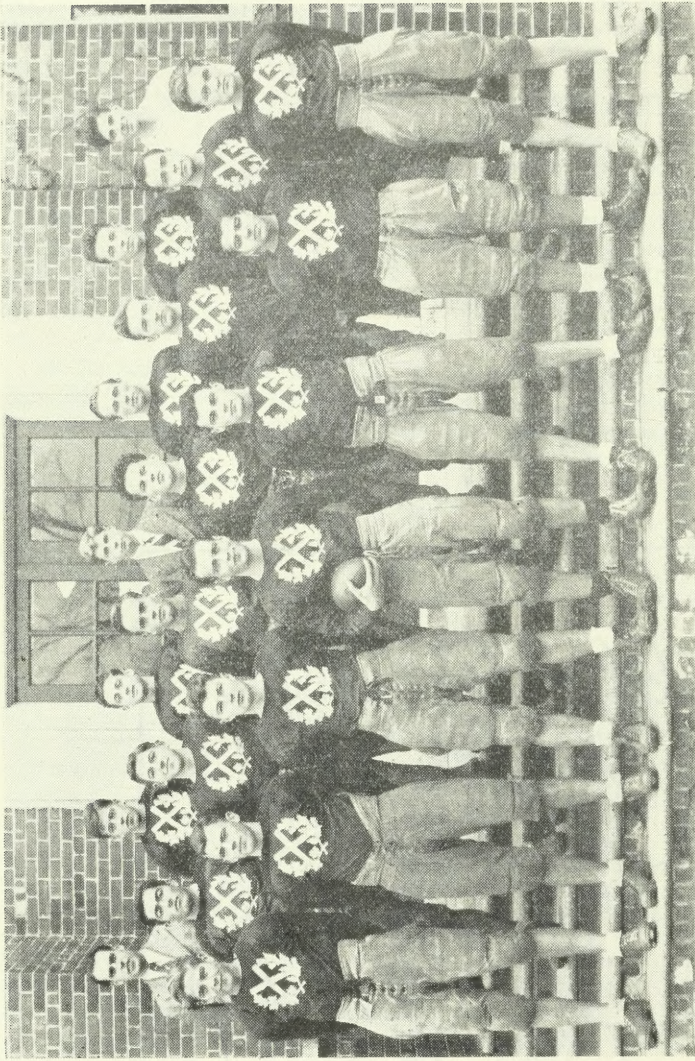
## The Carol Service

Again this year Mr. Ouchterlony, with the boys' whole-hearted co-operation, has worked very hard to produce the annual Carol Service. As usual, every day practices were held until every detail was gone over many times. Mr. Ouchterlony deserves much credit for all the time and energy he expended on the practices. This year the service will be broadcast over a wider network. We feel that this is an excellent opportunity for old boys to hear the service, who would be otherwise unable to do so.

The Carols were as follows:—

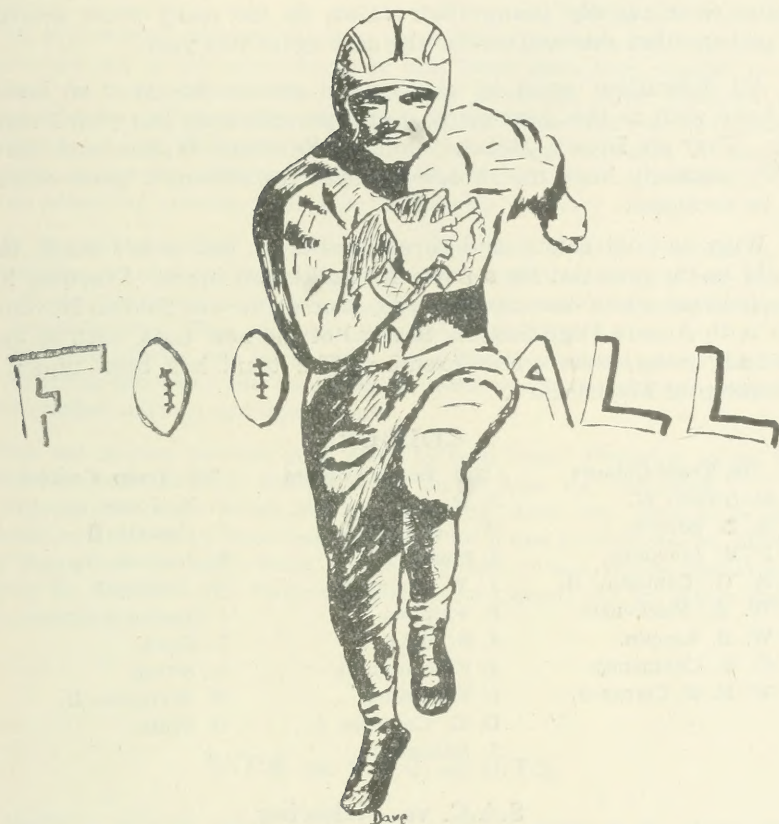
- (1) Break Forth O Beauteous Heavenly Light.
- (2) As Lately We Watched
- (3) The Holly and the Ivy
- (4) All My Heart
- (5) Whence Is This Goodly Fragrance
- (6) O Little Ones (trebles)
- (7) Angels from the Realms
- (8) Masters in this Hall
- (9) The First Nowell
- (10) The Golden Carol
- (11) Come Ye Lofty, Come Ye Lowly
- (12) Adeste Fideles





BACK ROW—J. Garrett, Esq., J. McLeod, R. Roberts, J. Robertson, J. Wynne,  
N. Lane, Esq.  
MIDDLE ROW—D. Brown, W. Clarkson, F. Phippen, J. Park, J. Kennedy,  
K. Cameron.  
FRONT ROW—W. Lowry, J. Lowndes, D. Straith II, D. Straith I (capt.), W.  
Mackenzie, E. Chamandy, E. Lappin.





## Football Editorial

This year's football team in September was full of enthusiasm and anticipated a good season. Lack of material, weight and experience, however, built up insurmountable odds that the fine spirit shown by the team throughout the season was unable to surpass. Conditioning, however, although one of the most important factors in the building of a good team was perhaps a little over-emphasized this year. Mr. Lane found himself faced with the problem of creating a First Team with about one old colour and three Second Team players. The Review would like to take this opportunity on behalf of the School of expressing their appreciation to Mr. Lane for the enthusiasm and encouragement shown by him throughout a somewhat discouraging season.

Eight First Team Colours were awarded this year, as compared with fourteen given the previous. It was generally felt last year that colours were rapidly losing their value, as too many were awarded. Let us hope that this will not be the case again this year.

All indications point to a successful season this year in hockey. We have with us this year many useful players from last year's second team. They are Brown, McLeod, Pollock, Kennedy, Wynne, and Garratt I. We sincerely hope that despite difficult conditions a good schedule can be arranged.

With one old colour and three subs from last year's team, there should be the material for a powerful basketball squad. Practices have been held since half-term, and a pre-season game was held on November 30th with Aurora High School. Several of the new boys, such as Jackson and Irving, show great promise. The team has been under the leadership of Mackenzie I.

### COLOURS

1st Team Colours	2nd Team Colours	3rd Team Colours
D. Straith II.	J. Wynne.	R. K. Jones.
R. D. Brown.	W. Lowry.	P. Garratt II.
J. M. Lowndes.	J. Park.	R. Jackson.
K. G. Cameron II.	J. W. Kennedy.	W. Cuthbert.
W. A. Mackenzie.	F. Phippen.	J. Hepburn.
W. B. Lappin.	J. B. McLeod.	J. Knox.
E. R. Chamandy.	J. Franceschini.	A. Irving.
W. M. E. Clarkson.	I. Flemming.	W. Errington II.
	D. G. Cameron I.	D. Pratt.
	J. Robertson.	

### S.A.C. vs. Pickering

Saturday, October 4. S.A.C. opened the foot-ball season with a defeat by a heavier Pickering team. Lack of weight and experience handicapped St. Andrew's throughout the game, which resulted in a 27-0 victory for Pickering.

Straith received Picker's kick-off, and was tackled on his twenty-five yard line. In the beginning of the game S.A.C.'s spirits were high, and the team was doing well. But soon Pickering's superior weight and speed began to take effect, and early in the game Mossop was able to kick a point. Pickering then followed up its advantage, and plunged down the field to kick another point in the first moments of the second quarter. During this quarter, Garrett and Pickering recovered Lowry's fumble and ran for Pickering's first touchdown, which Mossop converted. In the second and third quarters, Pickering scored three more touchdowns, converted all of them, and secured a rouge. Pickering's strong line ripped wide holes for its plungers, who gained most of their yards. Cornell, Garrett, and Brandt scored for Pickering, and Mossop converted. St. Andrew's fought hard, and it is to their credit that the score was not higher; however lack of practice was evident. The line gave Lappin little protection on his kicks, and consequently he was not kicking his best. On the plunges holes were not opened, and it was with difficulty that we made the small gains that we did.



### **S.A.C. vs. Pickering**

Pickering elected to kick off, and the ball was run back to our thirty yard line by Franceshini. MacLeod failed to get a good kick away and Pickering recovered the ball on our thirty-five yard line. From there they plunged to our goal-line for a touchdown. The convert was successful. After Clarkson had kicked off, Pickering plunged to our forty yard line. Their kick was unfortunately fumbled by the St. Andrew's backfield, and Pickering recovered. A series of penalties against the Pickering team relieved St. Andrew's considerably, and for the remaining minutes of the quarter the play was very even.

In the second quarter the action was slow until Garrett of Pickering recovered his own kick on our twenty yard line. Cornell then threw a long pass to the left end that scored a touchdown. This provided most of the excitement of the second quarter. Then the score was Pickering 12, S.A.C. 0.

The third quarter was fairly even; Doug Straith produced some fine kicks, and Pickering deserves credit for successful passes which gained many yards. The quarter ended with no additional score.

The last quarter featured good plays by both teams. Pickering scored two consecutive touchdowns on plunges. Only one of these was converted.

Although the game ended 23-0 for Pickering, some very good plays were executed by Franceshini, who deserves praise for a fine performance at quarterback throughout the game. Park, Straith I, Straith II and Wynne played very well for St. Andrew's. For Pickering Garrett and Cornell and the wings played very creditable games.

### **U.T.S. vs. S.A.C. at U.T.S.**

Against a superior team, S.A.C. lost its second game of the season by a score of 36-1. However, even in losing St. Andrew's showed improved spirit, and fought hard right up to the final whistle, but the speed and experience of U.T.S. was too much for us.

Biggs scored two touch-downs for U.T.S. in the first quarter, plunging only a few yards from our line each time, of which neither was converted. In the second quarter, Drope scored on a cut-back play, and converted his own touch-down. St. Andrew's fought hard, and brought the ball close to the U.T.S. line several times, but were unable to score.

At the start of the third quarter, Cameron was rouged after a long kick by Drope. In the third and fourth quarters U.T.S.'s condition began to take effect, and they scored three more touch-downs, two of which were converted by Drope. Drope also kicked another point. The only S.A.C. point was scored by Clarkson, when he kicked off after a U.T.S. touch-down.

On the U.T.S. team Bark, Biggs and Drope were outstanding, while Don and Doug Straith were the mainstays of the St. Andrew's team, although Lappin and Mackenzie also played well.

**The Second S.A.C. vs. U.T.S. Game**

On Wednesday, October 28th, the first team played their return game with U.T.S. here at Aurora. U.T.S. won by a score of 58-0, with Cooke scoring five touchdowns. Other scorers were Cross, Brown, Pugh, and Bark. Outstanding for S.A.C. were Cameron II's long run, Mackenzie's long pass, and Wynne's sudden interception of a U.T.S. forward pass for a large gain. In spite of a rather one-sided score the first team played hard with some gains, displaying good sportsmanship and keenness up to the last whistle.

**Forest Hill Village vs. S.A.C. at S.A.C.**

The superior weight of the Forest Hill team handicapped St. Andrew's in this game, and they were unable to prevent the Village from scoring eight touchdowns, five of which were converted. S.A.C. was able to achieve only one touchdown and that unconverted, for a score of 5-45.

Rutlan opened the scoring for Forest Hill when he plunged over St. Andrew's line for a touchdown, later converted. Following the kick-off by Forest Hill, Lowry, who received the ball, threw a long lateral to Cameron, who ran to the Village's 40 yard line. Another pass gained yards, but Forest Hills halted our attack by intercepting a pass at the 15 yard line. Running the ball up the field with a series of well executed plunges and passes, Forest Hill brought the ball into position for Rutlan to plunge for his second converted touchdown. St. Andrew's kicked off, but a strong offensive by the Village forced the ball into a position that enabled Cunningham to score a touchdown, which was converted as the quarter ended.

The second quarter was more evenly contested, the scoring by each team limited to an unconverted touchdown. Grills scored the first for Forest Hill, at about midway through the quarter, on an end run. Park intercepted a pass by the Village to put the Saints in position for a touchdown. A short pass from Straith to Mackenzie accounted for the score.

Shortly after the kick-off, Forest Hill scored a touchdown, aptly converted. Play throughout this quarter was fairly even, until almost the very closing minutes, when Roberts scored a touchdown for the Village.

In the fourth quarter, a pass by Lowry gave S.A.C. a chance to score, but hopes were snuffed when an intercepted pass was run back to our thirty yard line. Schiller scored for Forest Hill; the convert was unsuccessful. In the closing minutes of the game, Rutlan plunged for his third converted touchdown of the game, making the final score 45-5.

**S.A.C. vs. Forest Hill Village**

In their second contest with Forest Hill Village School, St. Andrew's again suffered defeat, although the game produced a score for the College. Clarkson achieved the first score of the Saints, when his long placement on the opening kickoff rolled to the deadline for a point. Forest Hill retaliated quickly, and after a long pass succeeded, Schiller scored on a plunge. The convert was good. Another long Forest Hill pass, after the kickoff, brought the ball to our thirty yard line. Cameron II was then tackled behind our line for a point, on receiving a kick. Play was resumed on the twenty yard line, when the Village intercepted



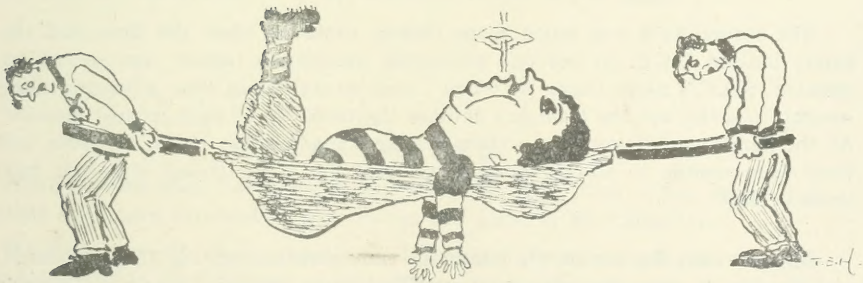
a pass. An end run enabled Ruttan to score a touchdown, which was converted. Following an exchange of kicks, Corbett intercepted Lowry's long pass to the right, and crossed our goal-line almost unimpeded. The convert struck the cross-bar, and a slight wind forced it over for the extra point.

In the second quarter, Ruttan plunged from our thirty-five yard line for his second touchdown; this too was successfully converted. This made the halftime score 25-1.

After the second half opened, fumbles by the Saints' backfield enabled Ruttan to score his third touchdown. After the kickoff, Forest Hill recovered the ball on our ten yard line, and Cunningham scored a touchdown, later converted. S.A.C. fumbled again, and Roberts snatched the ball and ran for a touchdown which was not converted. St. Andrew's kicked off once more, and after the Village had been forced to kick on a third down, Park's forty yard plunge advanced the ball to their fifteen yard line. After two bucks had failed, Kennedy finally crossed their goal-line, and Lappin converted. In the closing seconds of the game, Lappin intercepted a pass, but the final whistle blew before

play could be resumed, leaving the score at 41-7.

Ruttan was outstanding for Forest Hill; Cunningham and Corbett also played well; Park, Straith I and Brown were the best performers for St. Andrew's.



## The Little Big Four Games

### S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

In their first Little Big Four game of the season, Saint Andrew's was beaten by a well-trained U.C.C. squad. The winners displayed a decided advantage in weight and speed, and they dominated the play throughout the game.

Following the kick-off, the Saints put up a strong defence and forced U.C.C. to kick. A fumble, however, returned the ball to the opposition, but Chamandy retrieved it by falling on a loose ball, giving S.A.C. the ball on the twenty-five yard line, Lappin then kicked. Upper Canada kicked on their third down and Cameron ran the ball back to St. Andrews' thirty yard line. A pass from Straith to Mackenzie reached centre field, but a disastrous fumble gave U.C.C. the ball. A long pass received by Keebler accounted for a touchdown which was not converted. After an exchange of kicks, the College passed to our twenty-yard line, where Gregory scored, making the score 11-0.

At the opening of the second quarter, Watt scored for U.C.C. after two successful passes had brought the ball to our ten yard line. S.A.C. kicked off again, and Turner ran the ball back to Upper Canada's thirty-five yard line. Three completed passes and an end run put them in position for a score, and Campbell caught a forward over our line for a touchdown. The convert was blocked. After the kickoff each team in turn intercepted a pass; a bad snap caused Lappin to fumble on a third down and Upper Canada recovered on our twenty. Spencer then plunged for a touchdown. The College then began to make use of its weight to its advantage and a series of plunges down the field after the kickoff enabled Burden to score. This made the score at half time 32-0. In this half Lowry played well in the backfield, while Lowndes made some hard tackles on the line.

The second half was much more closely contested than the first, and the Saints limited U.C.C. to but one converted touchdown, which was scored by Spencer. S.A.C.'s plays began to "click", and several times they advanced close enough to score, but the College's defence tightened up at each critical moment. As the game was drawing to a close, Upper Canada again began to press, but they were unable to add to their score, and the game ended with the final score of 38-0.

Spencer and Turner in the backfield were outstanding for Upper Canada, and Keebler at wing also played an excellent game, catching many of Turner's long passes. Don Straith's plunging and passing were a tower of strength for St. Andrew's, while Lowry's running and Lowndes' tackling were also very good.



### **S.A.C. vs. B.R.C.**

On Saturday, October 31st, S.A.C. journeyed to St. Catharines to play their second Little Big Four game of the season against Ridley. The rain started a few minutes before play began, and continued incessantly throughout the game. The ball became exceedingly hard to handle and the players found the footing extremely hazardous.

Ridley elected to kick-off, and after a few minutes of play, Cameron II was rouged. After an exchange of plays, Tait went round the end for Ridley and scored a major which was converted by Stevens. When S.A.C. kicked on a third down shortly afterward, the ball was run through almost the entire team by Berkeley, but was finally stopped on the Saints' twenty yard line. This put Ridley in position for another touch which was again scored by Tait on an end run. The convert by Stevens failed. Another converted touch and a rouge brought the score to 19-0 at the end of the first quarter.

In the second quarter the Saints seemed to tighten up a little and only fourteen points were scored against them. The tackling on the line was better though still fairly weak, while the plunging brought more first downs than previously. There were numerous fumbles behind the line which gave Ridley the ball more often than they seemed to deserve. At half-time, Ridley was leading by 33-0.

The third quarter was the best from the St. Andrew's point of view. The tackling was better, the ball-handling was easier and the team gained more downs. At almost three quarter time, McLeod was hurt on a twelve-yard plunge and had to be taken off the field. Ridley only managed to score twice, and both these were converted.

In the fourth quarter, the Saints "went to pieces." and Ridley scored twenty-seven points against them, leaving the score at the final whistle 70-0. Tait and Stevens were the best for B.R.C., while the tackling of Lowndes and the plunging of Don Straith proved to be the mainstay of the S.A.C. stand.

### **S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.**

S.A.C. played their last game of the season on Nov. 27th at Port Hope. The weather was more favourable than that at the game at St. Catharines.

T.C.S. kicked off, and a fumble by the Saints' backfield gave T.C.S. their first touch within four minutes of play. The convert was successful. T.C.S. again kicked off; again the Saints fumbled on the ten yard line and lost the ball, and Bedore scored for Trinity on an end run, raising the score to 11-0. The convert again was good. S.A.C. took the kick-off, but after an exchange of plays, a twenty-five yard pass by Trinity brought them to the S.A.C. thirty yard line, where Lambert kicked a point carrying the score to 13-0 for Trinity. After successive plays by both teams, a thirty yard pass by Lambert brought Trinity to the St. Andrew's thirty yard line, following which Bedore ran around the end for a converted touchdown. This brought the score to 15-0 at the end of the first quarter.

At the beginning of the second quarter Goering kicked three points for T.C.S. from the thirty yard line, which was immediately followed by a touchdown by Bedore on an end run. Bedore was almost rouged on a fifty yard kick by Lappin, but he managed to elude St. Andrew's, and raced a hundred and twenty yards for a touchdown which was converted, bringing the score to 34-0 at half time.

In the third quarter, T.C.S. scored two converted touchdowns, both from passes, raising the score to 46-0. Early in the last quarter Lappin kicked a point, to give the Saints their only tally of the game. This was followed by a touchdown by Gordon for Trinity, which was converted. On the last play of the game, T.C.S. again scored a touchdown on a pass by Lambert.

Don Straith and Lappin were good for the losers, while Lambert and Bedore were the best for Trinity.

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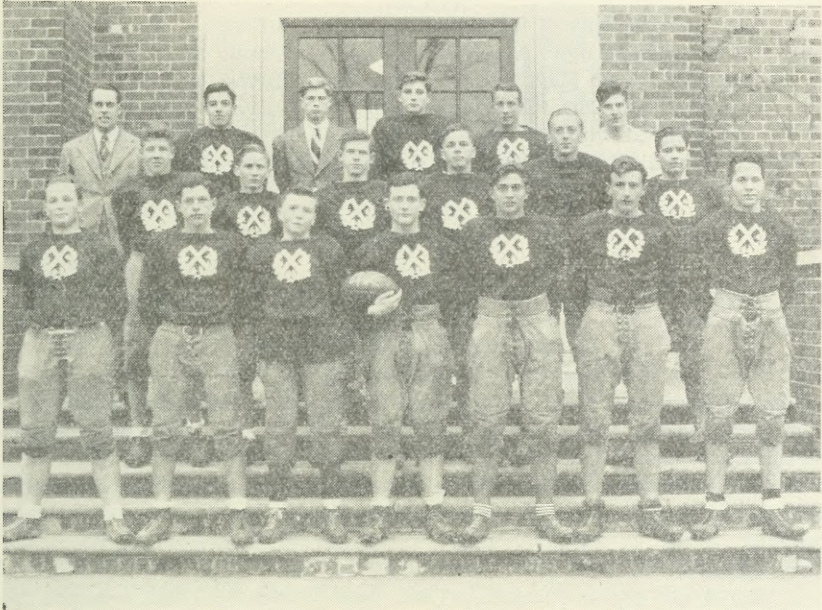
### **The Second Team**

The last game of the season was played against the Newmarket Senior team. The play was very even in the first quarter, but in the second, Peppiat kicked a rouge for Newmarket. In the second half two unconverted touchdowns were scored by Teasdale and Revill. The game ended 11-0 for Newmarket.

### **S.A.C. vs. Pickering**

On the afternoon of November 4th the St. Andrew's second team played the Pickering seconds. Pickering won by a score of 24-1. Our one point was scored on a rouge kicked by McLeod. In the last quarter S.A.C. was very near scoring, but could not pierce Pickering's defence. Taylor, Franceshini, and Errington played a good game for St. Andrew's. Pickering scored most touchdowns on passes.





BACK ROW—J. Garrett, Esq., J. Edward, R. Roberts, W. Errington, W. Elder, N. Lane, Esq.  
MIDDLE ROW—T. Medland, C. McCauley, J. Hepburn, C. Robinson, R. Jackson, D. Cuthbert.  
FRONT ROW—R. Knox, P. Garratt, H. Irving, R. Jones (capt.), D. Pratt, T. Opie, J. Ritchie.

### Third Team

This year the Third Team had a moderately successful season winning two out of their four games. Much credit is due to them for the way in which they held the Pickering 2nd team whose far superior weight finally enabled them to beat the "Saints". Great credit is also due to Roberts for the way in which he coached and managed the team.

### S.A.C. vs. Pickering Thirds.

The third team got the season off to a good start by defeating a lighter Pickering team by a score of 42-0. St. Andrew's strong line made wide holes in the losers' defence, and plunges and end runs gained much ground. Pratt, Medland, Jones, Garrett, and Milligan all scored touchdowns for S.A.C., and Opie converted all but one of these. Pratt with three touchdowns was outstanding for St. Andrew's, while Irving's passing and Jackson's tackling on the wing were also good.

**S.A.C. vs. Pickering Seconds**

In their second game of the season the thirds suffered a bad defeat at the hands of a heavier and more experienced Pickering second team. The score was not an indication of the play, however, and several times the Saints were very close to a touchdown. The Pickering line tightened up at the crucial moments, and the game ended with the score 31-0. Richardson and Aikenhead were best for Pickering, while Irving, Errington II, and Jones starred for St. Andrew's.

**S.A.C. vs. U.T.S. Seconds**

The thirds played U.T.S. second team in Toronto on Wednesday, November 4th. Although against a team of older and heavier players, the thirds put up a good resistance, Pratt and Jones being outstanding players. There was no score in the second half, although the third team nearly scored on a pass during the last minute of the game. The final score was 12-0 for U.T.S.

**Newmarket vs. S.A.C. at S.A.C.**

Although at the start of the game the teams seemed fairly evenly matched, St. Andrew's strength and weight soon began to tell. Garratt made a spectacular recovery of one of his own kicks and carried the ball down the field to score an unconverted touchdown. A few minutes later he threw a long pass to Irving, who scored another touchdown, which this time was converted. During the last few minutes of the quarter, Newmarket made a stand, and St. Andrew's achieved no further score.

The second quarter opened with two touchdowns for S.A.C., one by Pratt, and the other by Garratt. Another touchdown by Jackson completed the scoring for the half; S.A.C. 27, Newmarket 0.

At the beginning of the third quarter Pratt scored his second touchdown, which was not converted. Only a few minutes later, Opie intercepted a pass, and added six points to St. Andrew's score by converting his own touchdown. Toward the end of the quarter, however, the visiting team pressed harder.

In the last quarter, play was very even, Garratt alone scoring a touchdown which he himself converted. Newmarket fought very hard and succeeded in kicking a single point close to the end of the game.

Although at the final whistle the score was 44-1 against them, Newmarket fought extremely well, in due consideration of their lack of weight. Medland, Garratt and Irving played well for St. Andrew's.



## Soccer

This year, under the able direction of Mr. B. P. Colclough and Mr. A. G. Bricknell, a number of boys in the Middle and Upper Schools formed a competitive soccer squad. Mr. Colclough has formerly coached soccer at Victoria College, Halifax; Mr. Bricknell has played centre half for the Royal College of Science in London, England. The soccer team proved to the school its enthusiasm by playing the first match against Aurora High School in particularly cold and unpleasant weather. Mr. Bricknell refereed and Mr. Colclough attended to the substituting of players. The Aurora team was victorious with a score of 2-0.

The second game against Aurora was played on the High School's field. Pollock scored St. Andrew's only goal; the score at full time was 2-1 in favour of Aurora.

The third game, also played on Aurora's grounds, resulted in a score of 3-1 for Aurora. S.A.C.'s single goal was scored by the Aurora goalkeeper, who had drawn the ball into his net when taking a goal kick.

The fourth game was played on St. Andrew's grounds. In the first half of the game, by constant shooting on their goal, the Aurora team was compelled to attack strongly in order to gain their single counter. In this respect, much credit must go to George and Peter King of Aurora who each played a brilliant game. During the second half, Clarkson, playing centre half, scored a goal from corner field. At full time the score was one-all.

Despite its losses, the St. Andrew's College Soccer Team has established the game as a popular sport. Many of the players displayed great enthusiasm and ability; it is to be hoped that under the encouragement of Mr. Colclough and Mr. Bricknell many of the players on this year's team who showed considerable promise both in dexterous footwork and accurate field co-operation will continue to support the soccer team in years to come.

We suggest that during the following season a larger and more varied number of games be arranged, and that soccer colours be awarded deserving players.

## Senior Cross Country

The annual Cross Country was held on November 21st. The strong biting wind gave an added zest to the sixty runners who started the three-and-a-half-mile run. Kennedy, who came third in 1940, second in 1941, this year finished in first place; three seconds behind him came Pratt, who was followed by Wynne. This year the event was again managed by the boys themselves, and again it went off without a flaw.

The runners came in as follows:—

- 1st. Kennedy. Time 23 minutes, 45 seconds.
- 2nd. Pratt. Time 23 minutes, 48 seconds.
- 3rd. Wynne. Time 24 minutes, 30 seconds.
- 4th. Pollock
- 5th. Nash
- 6th. White
- 7th. Jones
- 8th. Errington II
- 9th. Taylor
- 10th. Park.

# Macdonald House

## LOWER SCHOOL EDITORIAL

This year there were a few new members of the staff:—Mr. Thiele took the place of Mr. Macrea as a master in the Lower School and is doing a fine job. Last year Miss DeVigne retired from the position of Matron and she has been amply replaced by Mrs. Lathrop. We are very glad to see Mrs. Grant back again. She had been very sick for the past six weeks and we feared she would not be able to come back. She took the place of Miss Hudson as Lower School nurse. The Primary Department has been under the guidance of Miss Foote who came in September. We frequently hear loud and lusty voices raised in song from that part of the building and we hope this department will grow under Miss Foote's superintendency. We are very grateful for the help of Mrs. Rashleigh who is working in the linen room.

This year thirty-five new boys came to the Lower School. About one half of them are in the Primary Department. Many of them have distinguished themselves on the playing field and in the classroom. The most prominent of these were Shaw II, Little, Goldsmith and Nold.

Three monitors were elected at the beginning of this term. They are Howson, Leishman and Weldon II. They are all on the First Team and are doing their duties faithfully. Just this week they volunteered to ring the rising bell! Also three librarians were elected, namely: Campbell, Howland and Fletcher II. They are handling the library very successfully and are hoping to get some new books.

This year the cross-country was run on Tuesday, November the seventeenth. It was won by Munro and seconded by Shaw II. We think Munro broke the record but are not sure as the stop watch wasn't working right. Due praise should go to Howson and Worling II, the former came in third and the latter eighth. Worling II is ten years old and we think he did very well for his age.



On Hallowe'en night Mr. and Mrs. Wright generously supplied a party for the Lower School. The older boys took part in a Ping-Pong Tournament which was ably won by L. Heit. Boys of the Primary Department of the House enjoyed their fun in the afternoon. Their games were led by Mr. Wright and Miss Foote and it seems that the boys took great delight in the various games. After study at night all boys assembled in the Library where they were given cider, doughnuts, cake, etc. Special thanks should go to the Wrights for their thoughtfulness to the boys on Hallowe'en night.

Over the Half-Term Week-End an unexpected thing happened. The christening of Miss Constance Mary Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wright, took place in our own chapel. I know that all the boys will join with us in expressing our sincere congratulations to the Wrights.

The Camera Club this term has progressed slowly but surely. Equipment has been bought and presented both by Mr. Thiele and Mr. Colclough. The work of the club has been ably supervised by Mr. Thiele but the head places are filled by boys, the president being Mur-

doch, Vice-President Leishman and Secretary Cobban.

A beginning of a Stamp and Model Club has started and it shows signs of being a great success.

The War Savings Stamp Campaign in Macdonald House is now thriving at its fullest extent, the goal now reached being \$105. This amount exceeds that of last year's probably because of the difference in the number of boys but it is not deniable that practically every boy has tried his best to buy War Savings Stamps to help the War Effort.

Since the beginning of term strange noises have been heard in front of the Lower School. These noises have been described as proceeding from a small "typewriter-like" machine. It may be Mr. Wright's new Baby Austin but you never can tell!



BACK ROW—A. R. Thiele, Esq., A. S. Fletcher, J. J. Nold, P. J. Errington,  
A. E. Weldon, J. Y. Murdoch.  
MIDDLE ROW—P. Lewis, C. Irvine, J. Schofield, W. Leishman, J. King, J. Davis.  
FRONT ROW—D. Shaw, C. Heit, W. Howson (capt.), J. Little, C. Crowe.

## Lower School Rugby

This year, mainly because of transportation difficulties, we were unable to play more than four games. One of the teams we played greatly outweighed us, one we were fairly even with, although greatly outplayed by them, and the third we were slightly heavier than, although they had a very large number of substitutes. The season could not be very well called a good one, as we lost three of our four games.

The captain of the team this year was Howson, who played an excellent game as quarterback. He knew when to call his plays and if our backfield had fumbled less, we might have met with much more success than we did. Howson also did most of the converting for the team.

We had a new coach this year, Mr. Thiele. Replacing Mr. Ives, he did a great job in preparing the team and its plays. On behalf of the entire team, we would like to thank Mr. Thiele very much for his great work in coaching the team.



Our half-backs this year were Heit and Shaw II, whose plunging especially was very hard and determined. Heit was also the kicker and passer, and his work this year was especially praiseworthy.

Our fullback was Little, who is fairly fast runner but who is rather clumsy on end-runs. The wings were Davis II and Lewis, who did some excellent blocking and tackling. The middles were Leishman, Schofield and Nold who, with the insides, Irving and King, helped make some excellent holes for Heit and Shaw. The snap was either Fletcher II or Errington III, who both made some excellent snaps, which were received mainly by Howson. Crowe, the flying wing, did some good blocking and tackling and started most of our end runs off on the right foot.

The line held most of the time, but when it broke, usually on a pass, it broke with a rush. The backfield fumbled a lot of kicks, especially in the Newmarket game, and our opponents gained a good many first downs due to this.

The manager and water boy was Murdoch, who although he got little business, was always on hand.

The team this year despite outstanding private attempts, was from the point of view of games won, a failure, and we are hoping to change the situation drastically during the hockey season.

### **Macdonald House at Pickering. Score 16-5**

The S.A.C. — Pickering game was, for us, very disappointing, but the score is certainly no indication of the actual play. The Macdonald House team played well, and had the better of the play in the first quarter. Our one major score was made in that quarter by Shaw II on a plunge over the Pickering goal line. However, in the second quarter, Richardson, the Pickering captain plunged one touchdown, and ran another from centre. The second of these was converted by McQuire on a running play.

The third quarter was, for the most part in Pickering's favour, and it was in this quarter that McQuire made their third major score. Fast end-runs gained the pickering team many first downs.

These two teams were very evenly matched, although the S.A.C. line was a little stronger. In our backfield, Howson, the Captain, and Heit deserve special note as well as Little, who tackled well. On the line, King, Nold and Irvine were valuable. In the Pickering backfield, Richardson, McQuire and Carr-Harris were very fast and clever runners.

### **Pickering at Macdonald House. Score 11-6**

This return game with Pickering was as unsuccessful as the first of the series. As before, the teams were very evenly matched, and also, as before, Pickering had the advantage of a faster backfield. This was illustrated in the first quarter by Richardson's score which was made on a run from centre.

The St. Andrew's team played excellently except for the fact that there was too much fumbling in the backfield on kicks, end-runs, and passes. Heit's punts were back to normal again after their slump in the Newmarket game, and he, with Shaw II and Howson, made many fine cut-back plunges and wide bucks. Howson played a fine game as quarterback, despite several bad fumbles. Heit's touchdown was made on a plunge on the last down, and the line held well despite heavy opposition, although the holes were not always there.

Richardson and McQuire were the best Pickering players, and Richardson's fast running gained them many first downs and one touchdown. McQuire's plunging and kicking were very effective for the Pickering team. Carr-Harris, who got the second Pickering touchdown was used when weight and strength were required.

Despite the fact that both their line and their backfield were much heavier than ours, had the game lasted for another five minutes, we might have been able, at least, to tie the score.

### **Newmarket High School at Macdonald House. Score 12-5**

This game, the first home game for the Lower School team was the first victory of the season. S.A.C. distinctly had the edge throughout the entire game, possibly because the Newmarket team was much lighter on the line. In this particular game S.A.C. was short of the services of Little as centre half, which position was filled by Leishman who did a fair job except that he fumbled most of the Newmarket kicks. Newmarket had the advantage of an excellent kicker, and they made use of this advantage by kicking many times on their first and second downs. This completely fooled our backfield, and gained Newmarket many yards. Plunges and kicks constituted most of the Newmarket plays, but they could really plunge, kick and tackle. St. Andrew's, on the other hand had a wide variety of plays, of which the plunges worked the best.

Of the S.A.C. backfield Heit and Shaw II made themselves most felt by repeated plunges. Heit's kicking, however, was not up to his usual. The S.A.C. line was far superior, and the hole-making of King and Irvine was very praiseworthy. Our major scores were made by Heit and Howson, Heit's on a plunge, and Howson's on a quarterback-sneak. Howson converted both of these scores. The Newmarket touchdown was made in the fourth quarter by Pearson, their quarterback, on a plunge, but was not converted.

### **Macdonald House at Upper Canada Seaton House. Score 48-0**

This game came at a bad time for the Saints. Being the day after the Half Term Break, we had not had a signal practice for about a week, and the whole team was badly out of condition. In contrast, we were met by a fast, well-conditioned team which had its plays, mostly plunges, worked out to split-second timing.

Their captain and half-back was the best man on their team. Specializing in bucking, he gained many yards. He was well supported by a fine line which opened wide holes for him.

The best show for the S.A.C. side was put up by Heit whose bucks were fairly successful despite heavy opposition. Little was outstanding for his fine tackling, while Howson and Shaw II did good work in the backfield.

From a St. Andrew's point of view, this game was a dismal failure, and we shall certainly attempt to avenge ourselves during the course of the Hockey Season.

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Christopherson I — "My mother is in England."

Christopher II — "So is mine."



## Lower Schools Soccer

To date, the Macdonald House soccer team has played but one game. The reason for this lies, perhaps, in the fact that it is impossible to charter buses for away games, and the ordinary bus services are jammed to the breaking point. This has limited our games to those with Aurora and Newmarket teams.

The team, as in past years, was limited as a rule to Second, Third and Fourth Form boys. The forward line hinged mainly about Little, a new boy, who played very well in the position of centre-forward. Goldsmith and Munro provided speed, although the passing was not what it ought to have been.

The one game we did have, with Aurora Public School, was, as far as we are concerned, a dismal fiasco. The team we took down was, for the most part greatly out-sized and outweighed by our opponents.

The Aurora team, on the other hand, led by Sutton, who played an excellent game at centre, and McGee, entirely outclassed us, as the score of 6-0 might indicate. Their passing, at the defence and before the goal had our defence-men and the goalie completely baffled most of the time. In the return game, which comes along after this article has gone to press, we hope to reverse the score with a heavier and perhaps more experienced team.

The house league has, in the meantime, been going full swing. The four teams this year are: Mr. Wright's Panthers, Mr. Ives' Imps, Mr. Thiele's Thugs and Howson's Aces. To date, the team standing is as follows: first, the Imps, led by Mr. Ives, who have scored by far the most goals; second, the Thugs, who have been very close to the Imps all along; third, the Panthers, who would be hopelessly lost without the services of Mr. "Stonewall" Wright, ace goal-keeper, and last, but not least, Howson's "Aces" who sadly need the assistance of a master as captain. The Aces, for the past two years, league champions, owe their present position to the absence of Mr. Macrae, who has been their captain and guide for the past two seasons. Mr. Macrae was very well liked and his absence is deeply felt by the entire school.

The games have, as in past years, been very keenly contested on all sides. The teams are fairly evenly matched and being four of them, each one is able to play four games a week.

The Imps have a good, strong all-round team, led by Murdoch, Little and Munro on the offensive and Fletcher II and Davis II in the backfield. The Thugs, led by Heit and Schofield have also a good strong team, but are at times apt to be slightly disorganized. The Panthers, led by Leishman, Irvine and Opie II have a weaker defence and a strong goalie. The Aces, led by Howson, Worling I and Lewis are weaker all around, due perhaps to the absence of a master.

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## Second Squad Rugby

The Second Squad this year was a full-sized squad of about twenty-five boys between the ages of ten and thirteen. Four days every week they turned out to practise running, tackling, passing laterals, passing forwards, kicking and also playing a pick-up game. These games were enjoyed by nearly all the squad. The keenest games of the season were the Red versus White series, when both teams were picked and organized before the actual practice.

Perhaps the most forceful runner on the squad was Purdy. Nearly always he could be relied upon to buck his way through the line for a considerable

gain. Worling I was a good broken field runner, but not quite fast enough to make the most of some of his openings. He also must learn to tackle without turning his back to his opponent as this is very dangerous. Worling I is a promising left-footed kicker. Opie II, who is handicapped by his size, is a fast runner, a poor passer, an indifferent tackler, but has plenty of enthusiasm. Munro, who was one of the younger members of the squad, is a natural athlete. A fine ball handler, a fast runner, a good kicker, he has not yet shown much pluck in his tackling. He must force himself to get into the thick of the fight and enjoy it! Worling II is a tough player when he wants to be and can be a very fine low tackler. Campbell and Goldsmith both seem a little bit afraid of going all out, although the former can tackle when he makes up his mind. Marks made some of the most spectacular tackles of the season but they were all too few. Most of the rest of the squad played in the line and consequently didn't get much opportunity to excel at carrying the ball. Franceschini, Christopherson I, Lovell, Furman I, Ballentine, MacLaughlin and Feith all tackled well upon occasion. The rest of the squad played hard but were not outstanding for their size and age.

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## The Spanish Armada

In the year 1588 Philip II of Spain unleashed the largest fleet that history had ever produced, against England, partially to avenge the death of Mary Queen of Scots. It consisted of 130 ships, over 19,000 soldiers and about 8,000 sailors.

The great Armada set sail on May 29th very much overdue because of Drake's daring raid on the harbour of Cadiz in the previous year. A violent tempest the day after it quit Lisbon retarded the operations of the Spanish and they were forced to take shelter at Corunna. Here they were refitted and then set sail a second time, bent on the conquest of England.

The Spanish fleet, under the Duke of Medina Sidonic, was to co-operate with a large land force collected at Flanders in the command of the Prince of Parma. It was to unite with this army and proceed through the English Channel to Calais.

The Armada arrived on the coast of the Netherlands in July, but was met and attacked by the English fleet under Lord Howard. Drake was second in command and together they threw the Spanish fleet into such disorder that it became necessary for the Spaniards to attempt to return to Spain. As the English had no regular troops capable of opposing Parma's magnificent veterans, it was decided to engage the Spanish before they reached the Netherlands.

Hawkins had been Treasurer of the Navy for a few years previous to the attack and had built many low, fast ships armed with guns of long range and heavy calibre. These proved their worth when they were sent out against the great "Invincible Armada" of Spain. These English vessels were built primarily for fighting and this factor helped the British combat the clumsy, top-heavy Spanish transports with success.

The story goes that Drake and his captains were playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe when he heard the news that the huge fleet was slowly progressing up the channel. Drake was not struck with sudden fear or worry; he did not even go to his ship in readiness, but merely finished his game of bowls and then went and defeated the Spaniards.



The English used a neat bit of strategy when they allowed the Armada to sail past Plymouth, where the English fleet was gathered, and then sallied out to attack in the rear.

The great, lumbering Spanish vessels suffered severely from their smaller opponents, which eluded most of the Spanish fire. Howard drove the enemy close to Gravelines. Here the Spanish craft were becalmed. Howard then sent fire-ships under cover of darkness and wrought much havoc and destruction in the midst of the Spanish fleet. The confusion was so great that it persuaded the Spanish admiral to resolve to abandon the enterprise, thereby not making it necessary to call into play the English troops assembled at Tilbury. He conceived the idea of re-conveying his remnant fleet to Spain by making a circuit of the north of Great Britain. Upon his command they fled before the British and were chased around the north of Scotland.

Storm after storm assailed the fleeing ships, scattering them in all directions, leaving many wrecks in their wake. Some went down on the cliffs of Norway, others in the open sea, and still more off the coast of the Orkneys and Ireland, where they were attacked by an exceedingly violent storm which ended the lives of many Spanish galleons. Approximately fifty ships arrived safely back to Spain, and the naval power of Spain, till then supreme, never recovered from this great defeat.

"God blew with His wind, and they were scattered," were the words, which are only too true, which were engraved in honour and memory of this miraculous victory.

J. L. Coleban, Form IV.

## A Hike in the Rockies

For the summer holidays we stayed at Waterton Lakes National Park. It is situated at the boundaries of Alberta, British Columbia and Montana.

On the morning of July 14, we went down town to the Information Bureau and there received all the information we needed about a trip to a mountain lake. That night we prepared the fishing-tackle and everything that was needed except for the bait (grass hoppers) and the food.

The next morning, we got up at 5 o'clock. My brother and I got dressed as quickly as we possibly could and went to fetch the bait. While we were getting the grasshoppers my mother was cutting sandwiches for the trip. After about half to three quarters of an hour, my brother and I came home. We then prepared for a good breakfast.

We set out on the trail about 7 o'clock after driving about 5 miles to the starting point. It was a beautiful day, not a cloud in the sky. We did the first 3 or 4 miles in an hour, then came the difficulty. We had to climb a mountain of shale about 1,500 feet high. Shale is made up of loose clay-like stones that slip very easily. On these stones you go up two steps and come back one. We made the top of this mountain in about 4 hours. On the way up, I was so thirsty that I felt like crying. At last, we reached the top. A man whom we had met, crawled out to the edge of the ledge with me. Down below we saw two beautiful lakes covered with spots from jumping fish. I looked to the right and saw a path slowly winding its way down into the valley. I yelled to my mother and brother who were about a hundred yards away telling them to go along to the other side. We met at last at the corner and descended slowly until we met a man. We asked him if it would be all right to go down. He said it was difficult and advised us not to

go. He had taken an hour to come only a short way, so my mother thought that we ought to return because it was getting late. We didn't want to get caught in the dark. We slowly ascended to the top and from there went down to a little crystal-like lake in the shade. Sitting on the grass we had our sandwiches which had never tasted better. On the way down the shale, my mother's shoe ripped which made it difficult for walking. We had a lovely meal and then set out on the trail home. It was much better going downhill instead of up. After about an hour and a half we reached the car. We took our time coming home because my mother didn't want to rush with her shoe ripped. We got the fishing-tackle put away and then drove home. That night we all went to bed at about 8:30.

Altogether it had been a healthy day for us and we had a very good time.

Opie II, Form III.

## The Raid

"Attention, pilots!"

"B and C flights to take off immediately and join fighter screen at Hanley Airport.

"Objective—Scheinhowsen. Proceed."

Flt. Sgt. "Hap" Feversham slammed down the magazine he had been reading and dashed for the hangars, pulling on his Mae West as he did so.

Two minutes later, six Spitfires took the air and disappeared to the west.

As they reached Hanley, the last of the bombers, big Lancasters and smaller American-made Bostons, took off, and the fighters roared into a protective "umbrella" as the gathering darkness swallowed them up and they headed for Germany.

Sirens wailed, searchlights picked their way across the sky and citizens below hurried for shelter.

High above "Hap" fingered his firing-button lovingly and looked down at the bombers which were now manoeuvring into position for the run up.

The first was already releasing its load—thousands of incendiary bombs.

By now the flak was getting bad and shells were bursting all around them.

Flares and incendiary fires lit up the city as bomber after bomber let go with its deadly load, and moved away to let another take its place.

Huge "block-busters" whistled down and brilliant explosions shook the factories which were blazing furiously.

"November 5th and how!" murmured Hap to himself and then in a second his face was grim as he spoke through his mouthpiece.

"Hey! Wing! Attacking Messerschmitts coming up on the port beam!"

The Spitfires turned and screamed down on the enemy, who were levelling off to attack the bombers.

They met a withering defence fire and more than one wobbled crazily and spun off trailing black smoke.

By now the Spitfires were mixing it and the bombers were forced to hold their fire.

To an observer the fight might have seemed dizzying but to the pilots each flicking turn was a purposeful move in the grim game.

Hap was on the tail of a Messerschmitt when a burst of cannon-fire ripped through the fuselage and tore away half his instruments. Flinging the Spitfire around he blasted an enemy fighter which had surprised him from behind.



The Hun dived away but recovered and came back, only to meet a savage attack which this time Hap followed up, pumping lead into it till with a slow roll it spun away in a death-dive.

Straightening out Hap realized that the sky was theirs.

The rest of the enemy were fleeing and the triumphant Spitfires returned to the escort, although their numbers had been considerably reduced.

They were not attacked again. Other raids were in progress and the defending aerodromes had more than their hands full.

As they slid in to land Hap saw other bombers heading out for enemy territory. The dawn attacks!

The fight for freedom was being kept up.

Goldsmith, III Form.

## A. R. P.

After the Great War from 1914-1918, Britain stopped re-arming. Then, seeing that other countries close to her, had not, she quickly started a re-arming programme. Britain is still re-arming rapidly.

It was only in the crisis of September, 1938, that Britain started a very important part of her re-arming, "AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS."

Any morning in London going to school, or to business, one could see overhead tremendous balloons. These are called Balloon Barrages.

They are filled with Hydrogen and have long cables hanging from them. These serve a very useful purpose. If any enemy planes come to London, escaping all her defenses, these cables would entangle the aircraft.

To help the Balloon Barrages are Anti-Aircraft guns and Sound-Detectors. These A.-A. guns are placed in all the parks of London. They always have a crew ready to fire them in any emergency.

Also in every park and square are Air-Raid Shelters. Unemployed men have had the job of digging them. The earth deposits beside the Air-Raid Shelters are very great. They were boarded inside and they are now cemented. If there was an air raid the warnings would sound. They give one five minutes to go under cover. So these Air-Raid Shelters are very useful. Many people have their own shelter. These are of corrugated steel, seating a household quite easily. Many also have shelters under their gardens. When people go into the public shelters they have their gas-masks ready for such an emergency.

With the A.-A. guns are powerful searchlights which rake the sky for the enemy machines. They practise every night. One can see the rays, extending for a long way into the dark sky.

Walking along any London street, the corner of the curb will be painted black and white. The bases of the lamp-posts will be painted in a like manner, and the lights of the traffic signals are completely obliterated except for a small cross. At night all car lights are dimmed and every theatre has to be shut by six. This is all to ensure that no object will be seen by enemy aircraft when high above London.

One often sees men clothed in rubber suits and with gas-masks. They are decontamination squads. When Mustard Gas is dropped from above, it must be immediately washed away, because if any comes into any clothing, it burns through the clothes and the skin of that unfortunate person.

Many days in the week Air-Raid Wardens are awakened early in the morning (about 2 o'clock). They have to act as if it is a real air-raid.

So A.R.P. goes on. Men and women giving up their lives to their country's aid at home. Even though it may be at home, they do very valuable work for their country. So if an air-raid of any nature occurs London is well "prepared"!

CLARKSON II, Form V.

## A Faithful Dog

Wearily the shepherd returned from his rounds at sunset, and was greeted by Bob, his faithful collie friend, as he entered the house. Every day for years Bob had accompanied his master on his rounds of the flock, herding together stragglers, which the master himself now had to do. Because now his (Bob's) mistress, the shepherd's wife, lay deathly sick from a chill that had developed into pneumonia, and Bob kept faithful watch by his mistress' door. For two or three weeks now he had kept his lonely vigil outside her door, day and night, never stirring, except occasionally to get food.

At last she was able to get up. Still rather weak from the terrible sickness, she was taking a stroll in the warm summer morning with the dog. Suddenly he placed himself solidly between her and something he could not see, but smelled, and knew was some harmful thing. A slight wh-r-r soon revealed it was a rattlesnake that was barring them. Ordinarily he would have left it alone, but now he saw his beloved mistress frightened, and with growl and curled-up lips, approached it stiff-legged—then the snake struck. First it bit him in the forepaw, but with a lightning stroke he broke its back, and made an end to its life. They returned to the house, and she bathed the bitten leg. The wound began to swell horribly, and he was scarcely able to walk on it. Fortunately for him, the rattlesnakes this far north are not deadly poisonous. She was heating a second pan of water for him when a piece of dry gauze caught afire. Quickly she grabbed it, and tried to put out the flame, but soon the flame became too hot and she dropped the flaming material on the table. The rest was obvious. Soon it caught to the curtains, and an indoor fire resulted. Bob sensed the danger, and his first thought was to get his master. He was off like a streak, but soon the pain in his leg became almost too much to bear.

He knew he had to reach his master quickly, and his mistress was in danger. By long experience he knew at about what part of his rounds his master would be, so keeping up a tortuous pace he finally reached his master, almost on the verge of collapse. At once the shepherd knew the dog wanted him to follow. Coming back, the going was slower, but it was all he could do to ignore the pain in his leg and keep going. As they neared the house, his master smelled smoke, and at once could see the danger of his home burning to the ground. With a dash he was inside, where he found his wife despairingly attempting to extinguish the flames which were rapidly getting out of control. So between the two of them they put it out, with surprisingly little damage. Then it was that they remembered the dog. The shepherd retracing his steps, found him lying on the ground helpless from exertion. However, soon he was healed, and again accompanied his master on his rounds.

Reprinted.



## Humor

"Owing to an unfortunate typographical error we said on Wednesday that the departing Mr. — was a member of the defective branch of the police force. Naturally this should read: 'The detective branch of the police force'."—(New Zealand paper.)

It was a stirring sermon! Everyone was touched by its eloquence! One old lady next day took two silver dollars, and seeing a beggar, gave him the two silver coins. Amazed he asked: "What's this for?"

The old lady said "Charity" and hurried on.

A few days later the beggar saw her, and put two \$10 notes in her hand. Astonished, she asked, "What's this for?"

Old man: "Charity, my lady! I was the only lucky one who backed it!"

It was in the days of the Great War. The regiment had been marching for hours and hours and miles and miles when at last they reached their supposed destination. The Commanding Officer halted them and said: "Men! We've taken the wrong turning. To get to our proper destination we must march another twenty-seven miles. All those who are unable to march that distance take three paces forward." Immediately the whole regiment took three steps forward with the sole exception of one poor little private who stood still.

"Ah," said the C.O., "I am glad to see that there is one hero here! To think that out of all this crowd of hundreds of men there is only one man willing and able to march the twenty-seven miles.

"Twenty-seven miles!" repeated the private. "We march twenty-seven miles! I cannot take the three steps!"

This was received by a friend and has currently gone the rounds, but we consider it too good to miss out:—

Dear Billy—How extremely kind of you to send that case of whisky for Christmas. I have never tasted such marvellous whisky in all my life. I have never tasted such marvellous whisky and I keep tasting it.

The whisky you have sent me for Christmas is marvelous I keep tashing it and how kind of you to send me thish wonderlous wichkey for Xmas which I keep tashing.

Its really really its very kind of you to keep sending me thish whishky in cases which I keep tashing for Xmas and Tashing hic doc dickery dock.

What kind whishky ole man how ex thash ex tremely wondervool to tash on Xmas you greaatt fine ud thathank tyou ole for extreextra extrem whwhaisy ininain cashcase 8¼v you %%% XXXX love kisses Kissmus & Xmu (1½n ½ ¼ tdg \$? \*olc ordh&\$§:†//

## Why I Am Proud to Be a Citizen of the British Empire

I am proud to be a citizen of the British Empire because Britain has played such an important part in the story of modern civilization. She has led the world in past accomplishment and will in future progress. She is what the Roman Empire was. She has colonized many wild and desolate countries. She has, by her example, inspired the inhabitants of many countries to freedom and reform. She has freed many countries from the rule of tyrants, and her explorers have discovered new continents, oceans and islands. Her merchants trade with all countries of the world. In all the large ports of the world may be seen a British ship. Her armies have conquered, bringing peace in their wake. Her scientists, historians, artists, authors, inventors, explorers, architects, have all contributed a tremendous portion to the world's store of knowledge. The British language is spoken throughout the world. Britain has ruled the seas ever since the time of Drake and the Spanish Armada. Unlike many other nations, Spain and Germany for example, Britain has not maltreated those whom she has conquered but has led them to happy, peaceful and religious ways. Being a citizen of the British Empire one enjoys freedom of speech, the right to worship as one pleases. And having freedom of action within the law.

MARSDEN—Upper II.

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## Kobe to Hong Kong

I had been going for a year to the Caandian Academy in Kobe. It was a week before the end of school but as the boat was leaving a week early I left too. I was going as far as Hong Kong with the MacMillans and the Japanese delegation for the Amsterdam Conference.

The boat left Kobe in the morning. I cannot recall the date, and sailed through the beautiful inland sea to Moji and from there to Nagasaki.

The next morning when we went on deck the sea around us was a muddy yellow. We were entering the mouth of the Yangste River. This was after the Japanese had captured Shanghai. The one scene I remember is a large, fairly round hole through a factory chimney caused by some sort of shell. Since we were with the Japanese delegation we were shown through the ruins. They were awful and made me feel sick. We stayed in Shanghai overnight.

The next morning the ship sailed for Keelung, the chief port of the island of Formosa. At Keelung we were met by the officials of the city. They gave us a Chinese dinner and entertained us for a short while.

The voyage from Keelung to Hong Kong was uneventful. They rigged us a small swimming pool out of canvas on board. We also played deck-tennis and shuffleboard. A few minutes after we had anchored the officials came and looked at our passports.

The only thing that I did not like about travelling was the time the Officials take to let one go ashore. Dad drove us up to the residence on the peak where I spent five weeks having a good time, until we had to come back home to Canada. But that was another trip.

J. Little, III Form.



## A Fortune in Stones

In an old farmhouse a man was sitting by the embers of a fire reading a newspaper. Suddenly a robust looking youth walked into the room.

"Well it's all over now," said the man, "what with the price of wheat going down, the high cost of labour and the markets being cluttered with foreign goods. Oh! but it will break your mother's heart."

John Millner with broken spirit went out for perhaps the last time to plough the east field. Suddenly a grinding sound rent the air, and the plow jerked, twisted and was wrenched out of John's hands. Spot and Blackie strained their muscles but failed to move the plow.

Finding it was dinner time John unhitched the horses and wound his way back to the farmhouse.

During dinner he told his father of the previous incident. When they had finished their meal John and his father took a shovel and a pick and went to inspect the plow and to find out what object it had struck.

They began to dig and in a short time they came upon a hard surface which they were unable to remove or dig around, so they began to dig up the soil which lay on the top. When this had been done they found to their wonderment a beautifully designed mosaic floor. They began to uncover more and more and shortly unearthed a collection of ancient remains among which were many beautiful ornaments and drinking vessels, a mosaic floor and pavement, then they uncovered the site of a large Roman villa buried in the walls of which were found the bones of several young children, also a workhouse was uncovered with small piles of mosaic stones (of which I have a number) and tools which showed that the Romans left very hurriedly when Italy was invaded by the barbarians. Underneath the floor there was a very intricate method of central heating, piles of stones around which were built fires and from which radiated hot air which circulated in the rooms above.

John Millner and his father were now able to keep up their farm and they made a large fortune by exhibiting the remains in a museum which was built near them at Rudston and may still be seen to this day.

John Mardsen, Upper Second.

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CheeRI oo OO\$‡/†(g.

Mr. Ives asks dormitory 110 — "Where is Munn?"

Munn, from under the covers — "He's in the bathroom, sir."

Mr. Ouchterlony was appointed Senior Housemaster this autumn. We wish him every success in the fulfillment of his duties.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

The inventor of the bagpipes got the idea from stepping on a cat.

## A Fight to the Finish

Everything went well as the landing craft pulled away from the docks of the little English fishing village. There was no sound save the coughing of an unwilling engine in No. 1 boat.

In the bow of this particular boat crouched Jim Stuart and Jeff Allington, a bosom friend.

On they sailed through the murky night. Jim and Jeff checked over equipment for the last time. Soon they sighted a lone British destroyer on patrol duty. But they did not alter their course.

About four hours passed uneventfully. Suddenly the boats teemed with activity. The outline of a little French village could be seen in the moonlight. The men grew tense with excitement as the boats veered far to the left of the village lights. They were now heading for a vast expanse of sandy beach. The engines were eased as the four boats felt their way very cautiously toward the shore. Just before landing the captain of each section read the men their final orders once again. Jim and Jeff were in a section commanded by Lieut. "Elf" Thornton, a Canadian. Their orders were to go into the town, to a certain house and capture or kill a certain Gen. Horshlig, 2nd in command of the German Coastal Artillery. That was all, but he must be eliminated.

Cautiously "Elf" led his men through the woods to the north of the village. It was tricky work and they could not go very quickly. At one point one of the men stepped on a dried twig which snapped like the crack of a rifle. For a minute the Commandos didn't move. Then the young Canadian gave the order to move and they started off again. When they reached the edge of the wood they had to wait for about two minutes until they heard anything. In the distance two figures loomed up. There was a slight disturbance in the deadly quiet and then there was silence. Then out of the darkness came, "Fantastic." It was the password and was answered by Thornton with the same word. It was the other section, which had been detailed to meet Elf's section at the edge of the woods, and its captain Nick Overton, another Canadian.

"Two Jerries back there we had to knock off," laughed Nick, in a whisper, "and wasn't it easy."

"Well, let's get a move on," said Elf. The other nodded and with that they moved away again.

Thornton and Overton led the way. Each had a revolver in one hand and a Tommy gun under the other arm. They were ready for anything and everything.

What they took to be the main street was deserted except for a lone Nazi guard pacing up and down in front of a large house at the far end of the street. From out of nowhere came a figure and the guard was silenced. The rest of the men crept stealthily up the street from door to door, while some went off to cover the back entrance of the house.

When all was ready Lieut. Thornton knocked on the door. It was opened by another German private who was quickly and quietly put out of commission. The men entered with guns blazing. They took one look inside each room and then sprayed it with bullets. Two Commandos who had gone off by themselves entered a large, brilliantly lighted room. In the centre of the



room was a large table which was littered with maps and diagrams. There were three staff officers poring over the maps. One of them was undoubtedly Gen. Horshlig. Having seen pictures before the raid the two men recognized one to be the German commander. He was a tall, bearded man, who wore a number of decorations on his tunic. Seeing the two men with guns the Germans raised their hands automatically. They were marched out of the house through the front door. There were a number of men waiting for the signal to return to the boats. The signal was given and they sped towards the shore guarding the three prisoners with great care.

But . . . on emerging from the woods they found that a bitter fight was going on between 45 or 50 Germans and 20 odd Britishers who had been left to guard the boats. At the time it seemed as if the Commandos were getting the worst of it. But with the arrival of the main force the tide turned. Eighteen of the British went down fighting and many were wounded before they were able to escape in the boats. In the thick of the fight some careless Nazis had shot the three German prisoners by mistake. At last they were able to escape amid a hail of bullets and exploding hand grenades.

Six hours later the weary men disembarked and walked up to their camp. The wounded were quickly rushed to the hospital.

Well, they accomplished their goal. Although they did not take Gen. Horshlig prisoner, he was dead!

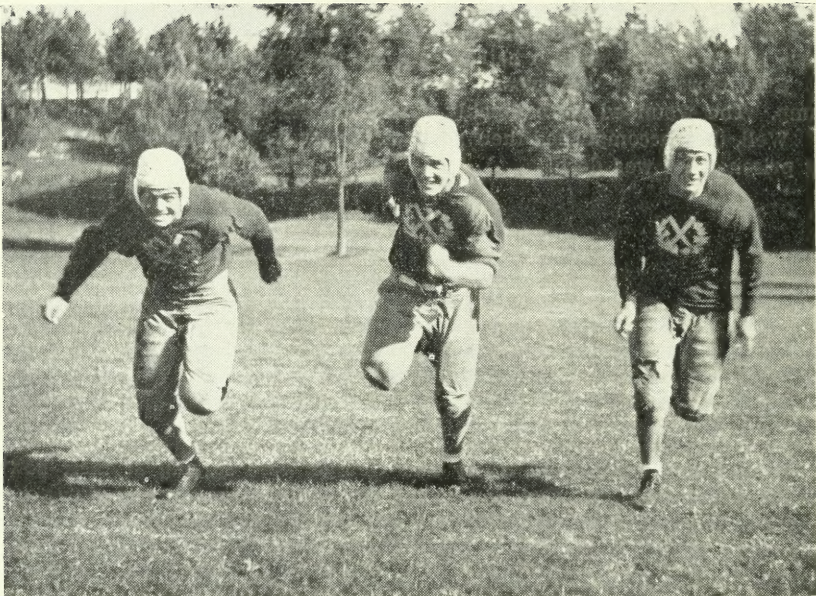
Fletcher II, III Form.

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## Saved by a Bear

It was now winter and Harry and George were staying at their cottage for the winter months. One day as the two companions were trudging along a path through some woods, in the evening, George had the funny feeling that they were being watched by a pair of cruel and mysterious eyes. Looking around, to Harry's horror, they saw a bulky, fawn-coloured form crouched behind a bush which George, who knew the woods well, perceived to be that of a male Lynx who was regarding them through the twigs. Then they saw the female Lynx watching them cunningly from behind a tree beside the path they were following. There was nothing to do but sit and hope for the best because they could not go on and their retreat was blocked by the male. The two boys were now alone with two friendly Lynx to look after them. It was now becoming dark, but George who was the older boy, knew that his father would go out soon to look for them. Then turning around, to their additional horror they saw a bear calmly walking towards them on the other side of the wood. But the wary Lynx saw him also, and since Bruin is no great friend of the Lynx, they both sprang from their places of refuge and slunk out into the depths of the forest to seek a safer hunting ground. Then the two frightened boys departed from their scene of adventure with as much haste as was possible for them to muster, and arrived at their warm, bright cottage panting.

R. V. Worling, Upper Second.



Three Prominent Old Boys in the Armed Forces

J. R. Chipman — R.C.N.C. B. M. Milligan — C.O.T.C. D. P. Sabiston, R.C.N.C.





# OLD BOYS' NEWS

In order that some of the Old Boys of St. Andrew's might have the opportunity of meeting Mr. J. C. Garrett, the Acting Headmaster, a reception was held at the Albany Club on Friday, November the 20th. At noon on that day Mr. Garrett had luncheon with the members of the Executive Committee of the Old Boys' Association. The following is a list of some of the Old Boys who were present:

Archie Auld .....	'05-09	Norrie Kerman .....	'02-06
Bill Barron .....	'19-27	Alf Lindsay .....	'04-14
Brooke Bell .....	'08-15	R. D. Lovell .....	'06-09
Gibbs Blackstock .....	'99-06	Roy Lowndes .....	'06-12
Ken Browne .....	'26-29	P. D. McAvity .....	'06-08
Mr. E. A. Chapman .....	'05-33	George McLean .....	'20-26
Christie Clark .....	'02-10	George McPherson .....	'02-01
Arnold Davison .....	'02-10	W. B. McPherson .....	'02-07
C. M. Dineen .....	'01-	Ian MacLaren .....	'10-13
Duncan .....		Norman MacLeod .....	'13-17
John Ellis .....	'27-32	(Flew from Ottawa)	
Peter Fairclough .....	'15-22	Scott Montgomery .....	'28-32
Mr. Walter Findlay .....	'99-36	Reg Morton .....	'09-11
Sir Ellsworth Flavelle .....	'07-32	"Stuffy" Mueller .....	'23-25
Tom Forbes .....	'27-32	Jim Shapley .....	'28-33
(From Brantford)		Ed Simmons .....	'18-25
Paul Gillespie .....	'99-	George Somerville .....	'07-13
W. H. Goldstein .....	'01-	Fred Stuckey .....	'13-14
"Chip" Gordon .....	'13-20	Joe Taylor .....	'09-17
Fraser Grant .....	'09-15	Harry Tugwell .....	'12-17
Bob Grass .....	'04-08	Joe Williams .....	'26-30
Bob Hannam .....	'23-28	Staunton Wishart .....	'01-06
Gordon Hewitt .....	'11-19	Doug Wood .....	'11-18
Jack Hope .....	'05-08	W. Lloyd Wood .....	'05-08

Most of the above names belong, of course, to an older generation, but this is to be expected as so many Andreans are now on Active Service. It was a very lively affair from beginning to end. The President, Joe Taylor, proposed the health of the Headmaster and wished him luck in his new undertaking. This was followed by the singing of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and the St. Andrew's College cheer. Mr. Garrett then thanked the Old Boys' Association for entertaining him so royally and for the kind expression of best wishes and co-operation.

## Births

BIMEL—On June 8th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bimel of Windsor, Ontario, a daughter.

KINGSMILL—On June 24th, 1942, to Capt. and Mrs. C. D'Arcy Kingsmill of Toronto, a daughter.

LINDSAY—On July 17th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Lindsay of Toronto, a daughter.

HOWARD—On July 25th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Allan McLean Howard of Toronto, a son.

ARMSTRONG—On August 10th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. T. George Armstrong, a son (Brian George).

WRIGHT—On August 17th, 1942, to Capt. and Mrs. J. H. Wright, St. Andrew's College, a daughter (Constance Mary).

SMITH—On Sept. 16th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Alan St. Clair Smith, Toronto, a son (David Oliver).

BURRY—On Sept. 15th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce H. Burry of Toronto, a daughter.

GREEN—On Sept. 23rd, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Green, of Toronto, a son.

PEACE—On Sept. 25th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Peace of Toronto, a daughter.

VANDERVOORT—On Sept. 29th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Vandervoort of Toronto, a son.

HOME—On Sept. 30th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Kendall P. Home of Minden, Ont., a son.

HUGHES—On October 10th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hughes, Churchill, Ont., a daughter.

MOFFATT—On Nov. 7th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon H. Moffat of Lennoxville, P.Q., a daughter.

FORBES—On Nov. 15th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Forbes of Brantford, Ont., a son (Peter Bruce).

SPROTT—On November 12th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Hubert Sprott of Oakland, California, a daughter.

McMULLEN—On Nov. 17th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Arthur McMullen, a son.

LOBLAW—On Nov. 23rd, 1942 to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. B. Loblaw, a son (Fraser Alexander Burr).



## Marriages

**HIGGS**—On January 31st, 1942, Claud Jennings Higgs married to Miss Evelyn Neelon of St. Catharines.

**MacLAREN**—On June 2nd, 1942, Capt. D. A. M. MacLaren married to Miss Cecil Elizabeth Baird of Montreal.

**KENNEDY**—On June 30th, 1942, Second Lieut. John David Kennedy married to Miss Mary Jean Daniels of Walkerville, Ontario.

**WALLER**—On June 27th, 1942, Flying Officer R. E. Waller married to Miss Pauline Johnston of Kamloops, B.C.

**WADDS**—On June 18th, 1942, Flying Officer Robert W. Wadds, married to Miss Nancy Jane Walker.

**RODEN**—On July 8th, 1942, Thomas R. Roden married to Miss Audrey Lanskaill.

**TEMPLE**—In August, 1942, Sub.-Lt. Clifford M. Temple was married to Miss Betty Gordon.

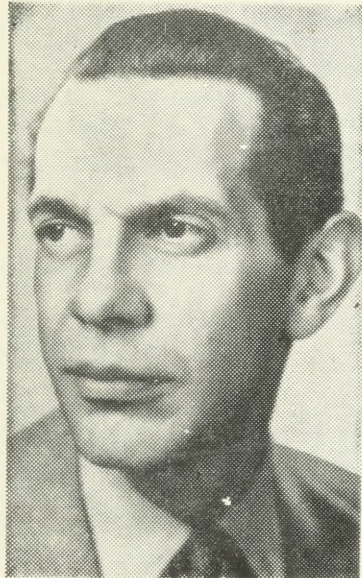
**FLEMMING**—On November 23rd, 1942, P/O James H. Flemming was married to Miss Mary L. McGill of Montreal.

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## Famous Old Boy Joins the Canadian Army

It was with great pleasure that we saw the return of Raymond Massey to Canada to join the Canadian Army, with a majority in the Adjutant-General's branch.

Major Massey served through the last Great War as a Lieutenant in the Canadian Field Artillery, and was wounded twice in France in 1916. He later saw service as instructor in Field Artillery at Yale and Princeton Universities. In Sept. 1918 he was a member of the Siberian expedition, and, strangely enough, it was the theatricals which he organized among the troops, while in Siberia, that laid the foundation for his brilliant stage career.



## Died in Service

Barclay, William Scott	Air-Gunner	R.C.A.F.		
Drury, Charles Robert	Sergeant	5th Field Ambulance	Toronto	1920-22
Eaton, Erskine Robert	Capt.	Les Fusiliers de Mont Royal	Toronto	1924-26
Findlay, Hugh John	Flying Officer	R.C.A.F.	Carleton Place,	1929-32
Hampson, Douglas	Sergeant	R.C.A.F.	Montreal	1935-39
Henderson, J. Irvine	Sergeant	R.C.A.F.	Toronto	1921-26
Mackay, William L.	Sergt. Ob.	R.C.A.F.	Formosa	1921-26
McKinley, John F.	Lt.-Col.	Director of Medical Services R.C.A.M.C.	Ottawa	1908-10
Mitchell, James W.	P/O.	R.C.A.F.	Kirkfield, Ont.	1931-32
Mitchell, Robert C.	Capt.	Liaison Officer Dept. of National Defence	Vancouver	1909-11
PRISONERS-OF-WAR				
	Capt.	R.C.A.M. (Tobruk)	Toronto	1927-33
Housser, John Graham	Capt.	Royal Reg. of Can. at Dieppe	Toronto	1928-32
Nicholls, Frederick I.	Capt.	Royal Reg. of Can. at Dieppe	Toronto	1929-
WOUNDED				
Dick, W. Clement	Lieut.	R.H.L.I.	Toronto	1923-26
Nicholls, Frederic I.	Capt.	Royal Reg. of Can.	Toronto	1929-
Watt, H. Leonard	Lieut.	Royal Can. Eng.	Toronto	1919-26
HONOURS				
Chapman, Neil H.	Subt. Lt	R.C.N.V.R.	Pembroke	1935-36
Mentioned in Despatch's				
Dick, W. Clement	Capt.	R.H.L.I.	Caledonia	1923-26
Mentioned in despatch's				
Graham, Allan F.	Capt.	R.C.A.M.C.	Toronto	1923-27
Military Cross				
McGregor, Gordon R.	Wing Cmdr.	R.C.A.F.	Montreal	1917-20
Distinguished Flying Cross				

## Old Boys' Notes

We are sorry to have to report that in the Dieppe Raid, two of our Old Boys were taken prisoners; Capt. John G. Housser (1928-32), and Capt. Fred Nicholls (1929), both attached to the Royal Regiment of Canada. In addition to being taken a prisoner, we learn that Nicholls has an arm wound.

1923-27.

Capt. Allan Graham, who is a prisoner of war in Italy, has been awarded the Military Cross for distinguished services in the Middle East. He was captured last June at the fall of Tobruk. Graham graduated from the Faculty of Medicine



at the University of Toronto in 1939. For two years he was an interne at the Toronto General Hospital and later joined the R.C.A.M.C. The Review extends sincere congratulations to Graham on the honour which has been conferred upon him.

Capt. W. Clement Dick (23-26) of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry was wounded in the Dieppe Raid, as was also Lieut. H. Leonard Watts (19-26) who is attached to the Royal Canadian Engineers. Later, Dick was mentioned in despatches and his old School congratulates him.

1935-36

Interrupting his Medical studies to enlist in the Royal Canadian Navy in 1941, Sub.-Lieut. Neil H. Chapman was recently mentioned in despatches for special efficiency as depth charge officer aboard H.M.C.S. "Sackville". The Review extends sincere congratulations to him.

In October the following Old Boys entered the Royal Canadian Naval College at Royal Roads; J. R. Chipman (41-42); J. E. Kilmer (36-41) who passed second in the list of all candidates in Canada; J. R. M. Kilpatrick (36-38); J. J. MacBrien (38-42); D. P. Sabiston (36-42), and C. E. Spence (36-42). With so many S.A.C. Old Boys at the R.C.N.C., and Cmdr. Kenneth Ketchum as Director of Studies, it will almost seem like a second St. Andrew's.

1924-30

The Rev. W. Gerald Burch, who has been Rector at St. Crispin's Church, Scarboro Bluffs, has recently been appointed to St. Luke's Church in Winnipeg. Burch was good enough to come out to preach in Chapel generally twice a year and he will be very much missed. We all wish him success in his new charge.

1931-33

During the past summer, Sub. Lt. E. E. Robertson, R.C.N.V.R., was saved when the Royal Navy's aircraft carrier "Eagle" was sunk in the Mediterranean.

1941-42

Sub. Lt. John M. Toye, R.C.N.V.R., was a member of the outstanding class so far, of a group of Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve sub-lieutenants which completed its course at a famous Naval establishment with an average of 83 per cent. The previous highest class was 71 per cent.

1936-40

Lieut. Bill Buchanan, who is with the R.C.A., won the 100 yards and 220 yards in the Camp Meet in the All Canadian Meet. He is Regimental Sports Officer, Troop Commander of his Battery, Battery Security Officer and Battery Chemical Warfare Officer.

1935-38

Last June John F. Macdonald, R.C.N.V.R., received his Sub-Lieutenancy and was chosen as the Lieutenant showing the most officer-like qualities.

1934-38

K. Eric Rogers is in 4th Year Medicine at the University of Western Ontario. This year he is Medical Editor for the "Gazette", the University of Western Ontario weekly paper.

The following Old Boys have been appointed to positions on the Wartime Prices and Trade Board: Russell T. Black ('15-20) is Supervisor of Regional Office; E. C. Cossitt ('13-15) is Price and Supply Representative; Gordon W. Hewitt ('17-19) is in the Services' Administration Branch; Ronald S. Earle ('16-21) is Personnel Representative; H. Stanley Hunnisett ('24-27) is on loan to the Board; E. W. Smart ('14-25) is Wholesale Administrator, and C. R. E. Syer ('16-20) is also with the Board.

## Old Boys' News

Lieut.-Col. John Ferguson McKinley, who died in Ottawa on August 24, 1942, in his 51st year, attended St. Andrew's College from September 1908, until June 1910.

After leaving school, he was in the real estate business in Ottawa.

At the age of 18, his interest in social welfare became evident and he became a member of the Big Brothers Association. He served for four years as a school trustee. At the age of 21, he became an alderman for Rideau Ward in the Ottawa City Council.

When the First Great War broke out, he went overseas, and later became Quartermaster of the Canadian Convalescent Hospital at Epsom.

After a severe attack of whooping cough, he was sent back to Canada; and in 1918 he received an appointment at Army Medical Headquarters in Ottawa with the rank of major.

In February 1922, he became Juvenile Court judge in succession to the late W. L. Archibald; and he continued to preside over the court when the juvenile and domestic courts were amalgamated. The founding of the domestic court was due largely to Col. McKinley's decision that inclusion of the family as a unit was necessary if juvenile problems were to be dealt with properly.

In November 1922, Judge McKinley was married to Gertrude Elizabeth Crannell.

In 1927, he was appointed a member of the Parole Board of Ontario; and in 1932, he became Chairman of the reorganized Board.

In 1937, he was appointed to the executive of the Old Boys' Association of St. Andrew's College.

Last March he was made a Lieut.-Colonel working under the Director of Medical Services, Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps.

Shortly after this appointment he suffered a heart attack in Montreal and was taken to the Royal Victoria Hospital where he remained for nine weeks. He returned to Ottawa in June and it was hoped that he had fully recovered, but he had another attack on August 24, which proved fatal.

An outstanding memorial to Col. McKinley is the Christie Lake Boys' Camp, which was founded by him shortly after he became Juvenile Court judge. During the years since, thousands of under-privileged boys have attended the camp and from the training mapped out for them there by Col. McKinley, have learned the principles of good citizenship. Those who knew Jack McKinley at school have followed his career with interest and pride; but many will remember him best as centre on the school hockey team at the Mutual Street Rink. Col. McKinley is survived by his father, his widow and two sons to whom we extend our sincere sympathy.

Capt. Erskine Robert Eaton entered St. Andrew's College in January, 1924, when the school was situated in Rosedale. When the school moved to Aurora, he went to Mr. Palmer's School and subsequently to the University of Toronto Schools and the R.M.C. Kingston. Although he was only 8 years old when he entered the school, and 11 years old when he left, those who were at the school at that time will always remember his bright smile and cheerful countenance.





Erskine Eaton

Erskine Eaton was a wellknown horseman and obtained a commission in the Governor-General's Body Guard. He was chosen to be a member of the Army team to represent Canada at Olympia and in Dublin.

At the outbreak of the war, he was a member of the staff of the Montreal store of the T. Eaton Co. He immediately volunteered for active service and his application to join the 1st Battalion, Les Fusiliers de Mont Royal was accepted. Originally Transport Officer of the unit, he was sent overseas for a company commander's course early in 1940, when the battalion was at Valcartier; and he rejoined the unit later. He also served as intelligence officer of the 5th Brigade.

He was gazetted Captain in the spring of this year, and became second in command of "D" Company.

On August 19, he was killed in action in the Dieppe raid.

His former commanding officer in Montreal, Col. Paul Grenier said of him: "He was one of the most efficient officers in the unit. I deeply regret his death, but I feel proud to think that an English-speaking Canadian has contributed to the writing of another great page in the history of our French-Canadian military annals."

On behalf of the School, the Review extends sincere sympathy to Erskine's family.

We regret to record the death of the following Old Boys:

Lieutenant William H. Leckie of Vancouver entered St. Andrew's in 1909 in the third form; he was a prize winner throughout his course, a member of the first cricket eleven in 1914, and a member of the third football team. During the Great War he served as lieutenant in the Royal Navy and was mentioned in dispatches. At the close of the war he married Miss Josephine Crombie of Montreal and was associated with the firm of the J. Leckie Company of Vancouver. He died after a brief illness on September the 7th, 1940. He was the first of five brothers to attend St. Andrew's.

Clarence Harold Moreland was a pupil at St. Andrew's in 1904 and 1905 in Chestnut Park. Mr. Moreland was with the Sun Life Assurance Company. He passed away on the second of June 1941 in the fifty-second year of his age, and is survived by two sons and a daughter.

Harold C. Rymal of No. 1, Wolverton Avenue, Toronto, entered St. Andrew's in 1924 and was in attendance for two years during which he played on the second rugby team. Mr. Rymal died on Sunday, September the 20th at St. Michael's Hospital.

Geoffrey Sewell writes from McGill that the following boys are there this year: Don McGibbon, Tony Moss, Nigel Thornton, Sandy Hyde, Bruce Ramsey, Hugh Hendrie, Ed. Ballon, Bill Hueston, Crombie Tanner and Fred Hurter. Sewell, Ramsey, Thornton, Moss and Hyde went out West this autumn to help bring in the harvest. They ran into a lot of work but said it was good experience.

1915-21

Quoting from a Montreal newspaper: "Among the 2,000 members of the R.C.A.F. in the Middle East, probably none is better known to all ranks than Sqdn. Ldr. Donald Stewart Patterson. His official title is "Canadian Welfare and Liaison Officer," but unofficially he is termed "R.C.A.F. Ambassador in the Middle East."

1919-20

In September, the announcement was made of the appointment of Eric Acland as general staff officer (first grade) in the directorate of military intelligence at National Defence Headquarters, and his promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel.

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## Overseas Mail

Dear Editor:—

I don't know your name at the moment because the Autumn Term will be starting soon bringing with it a possible change in the Review Staff, but being at S.A.C. I greet you.

Many years have passed since I left the school, fourteen to be exact, of which some have been spent away from immediate contact with the old place. But well do I remember my days there and it is great fun reading the Review which, of course, is not as good as when I was there, but nevertheless a darn good magazine!



I have been over here about eleven months now and some hard training has been done in that time. We have a fine bunch of boys and all are keen to have a whack at our friends across the channel. As far as seeing old friends, and old boys of the school in particular, it is not often we get the chance, being pretty well in one area most of the time. I have run into a few however. Wish I could give you more news about the Old Boys but, as I say, I have not seen many of them.

Can't tell you how much I enjoy getting the "Review." Keep it up please! Also remember me if you will to "Uncle Ernie," and any of the present masters who remember me. Is "Tuddy" still going strong? Also what about "Doc." Robinson and "Pop" Findlay?

DAVID REA—1921-28

Dear Ken:—

I was very pleased to hear of your appointment as Director of Studies at the Naval College, and just wanted to drop you a line to wish you the best of luck. All of us ex-Andreans here appreciated hearing from you, and to learn of the appointment of Mr. Garret as Acting Headmaster during your absence. While I know the school will not be quite the same without you and Mrs. Ketchum, in the meantime it is good to know that everyone speaks well of your "substitute."

JIM HAMILTON—28-23

I received your letter today and it was sure nice to hear some news from the old school again as I often think of you people back there. It will sure be a treat to have the St. Andrew's Review over here.

A. A. SKINNER (32-41) Groundman.

I have come across quite a number of old S.A.C. chaps, and only tonight was speaking to Stu Cockfield on the phone. Ted Dodd and James (Red) Johnson are others with whom I'm in close contact. Space permits no further news.

J. F. MACDONALD, 36-39

Just a few lines to thank you for the cigarettes that arrived ten days ago. It was very nice of you all and I certainly appreciate it very much.

Our unit moved under canvas about two weeks ago and we are now stationed at a lovely spot—at least it would be in peacetime. It is a huge estate with a castle in the middle of it. We use the castle for regimental offices and also the officers' mess but we are all sleeping in tents. The weather has been spotty recently but today is lovely.

On recent schemes and exercises I have run across the 48th several times but as we are not stationed very close to each other we don't see them at all "socially." We are going on army manoeuvres Tuesday which will last about ten days or so. Will no doubt come across many S.A.C. Old Boys.

C. DOUGLAS LOUGH—24-29

Very many thanks for the cigarettes. I really needed them. I was reduced to buying English ones.

R. J. SWEEZEY—29-23

The cigarettes arrived yesterday intact in very good condition. I appreciated them very much, especially as the cigarette question over here is rather acute, one might say.

Before leaving the other side my family sent me a clipping concerning your change of position. I was sorry to hear that you had left the school but we all have had to leave the places we want to be and go all over the place. Let's hope it won't be for too long or I shall forget everything I ever knew about medicine. Our work aboard is pleasant but scarce, although we have everything necessary for practically any operation imaginable. It is a comforting thought to be so well equipped.

JOHN E. POWELL—31-34

I was most delightfully surprised to receive the cigarettes. Trust that all goes well at school and you and Mrs. Ketchum are well.

While on duty here things are necessarily rather quiet, but we manage to keep busy. Usually save our amusements for leave which is reasonably frequent.

Would be delighted if you could find time to write. Many thanks again for the cigarettes as they are very much appreciated. Unlike earlier ones, these will occasion no friction between us!

REED JOHNSTON—34-36

I received the cigarettes in good order last evening and very many thanks. The price of fags has jumped up 12c a package of 20, so I might say these are doubly appreciated.

We have just returned from a week's sham battle among the Sussex Downs, and I might say we reached our objective in record time. I am now married over here with a son six months old, his name is Michael Sterling. I was married Feb. 22, 1941, in Hove, Sussex, to Anne Riley.

Well it seems the time for invasion of the continent is approaching — our chance to prove our fighting ability.

ALFRED S. DEAN—20-25

Once again I write and thank you for your kindness in sending me another welcome gift. The maple sugar was definitely a top choice because the bar you sent Doug Lough and me not only warrants thanks from we two, but also from many other members of the mess who shared it.

We heard about the school's loss when Mr. Ketchum was called to an equally responsible position. I wish the new headmaster the best of "Andreas" good luck.

If Mr. (Bobby) Laidlaw is still there tell him that I was asking for him.

TOM CURSON—26-28

Many thanks for the maple sugar which I received from the school a short time ago. It was the first maple sugar I had tasted for years and it certainly hit the right spot. Life is very strenuous and exacting at the moment so this is only a note of thanks.

GRAY EAKINS—1911-16

I want to thank the Ladies' Guild and yourself for being so kind in remembering me at Christmas. You have no idea how pleased I was to get my copy of the Review and the carton of cigarettes. It has been five months since we last had any mail and believe me, I was getting a little tired of a straight diet of English cigarettes.



It was very interesting for me to get a copy of the Review as it was the first I have had since I came overseas. I was particularly interested to notice the number of Old Boys who were over here. Of the group, at various times in London on leave, I have run into Jock Findlay, Grass, Frank McEachren, Jack Perrin, John Housser and Fred. Nicholls, but it's been six or seven months since I've been there now so I'm afraid I'm not very well up on my news. However, at the time I saw them they seemed very hale and hearty and happy.

GORDON PIPE—1930-33

We've been pretty active of late and hardly in one place for more than 2 or 3 days since April 1st. During that period we've been awfully lucky in the weather which really has been wonderful. All the things I've heard about England aren't true. We're at rest now for 30 days — or rather we're supposed to be, but I'm sure someone will dream up some exercises for us before that time elapses.

BILL MACDONALD — 1921-30

It was a very pleasant surprise to receive such a nice reminder of home in the form of a block of maple sugar and I would like my sincere thanks expressed to the Ladies' Guild, the Old Boys and the Present School. We consumed it with great relish on a field scheme and while it lasted my popularity was phenomenal.

From time to time I run into other Andreans and they are all high in their praises of how well their old school has looked after them and you can know how much it is all appreciated.

PHILIP FRASER—1920-22

Thanks a lot for the maple sugar. I shared it with a youngster up the street and it would have done your heart good to see the kick she got out of it. Sweets are very scarce and maple sugar was something new for her.

A. W. APPLGATH—1912-21

Will you please thank the Ladies' Guild, Old boys and present school for the delicious bar of maple sugar. You may have forgotten my sweet tooth; if not, you will appreciate how much I enjoyed it. Also, thank you for the Review. I plan to leave it at the Officers' Club so that any S.A.C. lads who come along may see it. A very good number, I thought.

L. C. MONTGOMERY—1909-12

It is rather hard to put any salutation at the top of this letter but I do want to thank the Ladies' Guild, the Old Boys, and the present school for sending the maple sugar. It was just like a breath of Canada and, except for making me a little homesick, was really enjoyed.

MURRAY STEWART—1920-24

The Dieppe raid took a very nasty toll and I'm not fully posted yet on who "bought it" (as we say) and who are prisoners of war. I do hope John Housser is among the latter. I saw John fairly often in London on leave.

On the bright side, I'm very glad to hear that the school is right up in its enrolment. It is rather amazing to me as I more or less expected that the school would be rather hard hit by the war. I'd love to get back and see you all at the old school again. It must be very different, with so many changes on the staff. I got a very nice letter from "Tuddy" yesterday, too, in his inimitable copper-plate hand.

BILL ADAMS—1928-35

The most welcome cigs. arrived yesterday in perfect order, and are doubly appreciated owing to the recent sharp increase in prices over here. We have just moved our billets to another location 19 miles from where we were.

We are in the middle of schemes just now, so one of these fine bright days, may find ourselves on the coast of France.

A. S. DEAN—1920-25

I am, of course, interested in both St. Andrew's and the new Naval College of Canada. It is a great satisfaction to know that such splendid management has been made for both.

May I offer my very best wishes for an enjoyable and successful administration of your new duties.

I received a package of cigarettes and a piece of maple sugar a short time ago from St. Andrew's and it is very nice indeed to be remembered. Will you please express my appreciation to those responsible?

K. S. MACLACHLAN—1908-09

As Commander Ketchum has left for the duration, and you are acting headmaster, may I address my thanks to you for the cigarettes received a few weeks ago. At the same time may I offer my congratulations to you in your new post.

Although I was not at school when K.G.B.K. was headmaster, we as Old Boys are proud that the Head of our Old School was called on active service. I hope when this mess is over that many of us over here will have the pleasure of meeting you.

W. D. S. CARELESS—1921-26

Will you please accept my thanks on behalf of the school for the box which the boys were good enough to send to me. I often feel a bit conscience stricken receiving these gifts, when I'm in London living in some comfort and realize they are primarily for the men in the field who have fewer comforts, but isn't it the Good Book which says "The rain falls on the unjust and just alike" and I gratefully catch my bit of the shower.

I'm in the Judge Advocate General's Branch working out and making up legal conundrums. I suppose it is a fair comment on my abilities as an artillery officer that I was transferred to the J.A.G. Branch. Some of my friends are good enough to credit it to approaching old age but some are more outspoken and use such shocking adjectives as senility, debility, etc. Others have even said it's the proper place for one who is neither judge, advocate nor general.

D. M. CARRICK—1917-24

As the Review goes to press, we have just learned of the death of Flight Lieut. William McLeod Hees in a flying accident in British Columbia on November the 28th, 1942. A native of California, Hees came to St. Andrew's in January, 1935, and left the school in June, 1937. On leaving St. Andrew's, Hees joined the staff of his father's firm, the George H. Hees, Son and Company Limited. Enlisting at the outbreak of war, he trained in Kingston, Trenton and Camp Borden, where he received his wings and commission. After serving as instructor at Dunnville and St. Hubert, he was appointed to a fighting squadron on the West Coast. In March, 1942, Hees was married to Miss Aileen Boeckh of Toronto.

While at St. Andrew's, Hees took a keen interest in the activities of the school; he played on the second rugby and hockey teams and won the 125-lb. class in boxing. He was of a cheerful disposition and made many friends who will be sorry to hear of his death. The Review extends sincere sympathy to his wife, father and sister.





This is a partial list only comprising those Old Boys whose names did not appear in the Midsummer Review.

Further information, or corrections, regarding this list will be appreciated by the secretary:

Annand, J. E.	Pte.	Can. Inf.
Beer, W. A.	Pte.	R.C.A.S.C.
Booth, S. W.	Lieut.	Veterans' Guard Recruiting Office
Chipman, J. R.	Cadet	R.C.N.C.
Choppin, J. S.	Sergt.	Queen's York Rangers
Chapman, Neil H.	Subt.-Lt.	R.C.N.V.R.
Cody, Jay	A.C.2.	R.C.A.F.
Cornish, C. M.	Lieut.	Dental Corps
Davis, J. E.	Trooper	Tank Corps
Dean, H. F.	A.C.2.	R.C.A.F.
Dean, W. G.	Cadet	R.C.A.
de Sherbinin, I. E.	Lieut.	R.C.O.C.
Dickie, Peter M.	Pte.	R.C.A.
Dunlap, J. C.	Capt.	C.A.P.O.
Flemming, J. H.	P./O.	R.C.A.F.
Gerhart, J. H.		R.C.A.
Gerhart, T. L.		Signal Corps
Gourlay, W. B.		R.C.A.F.
Graham, J. S.	Subt.-Lt.	R.C.N.V.R.
Grant, R. W.		
Green, J. A.	Pte.	R.C.A.
Hampson, L. G.	Prob. Sub.-Lt.	R.C.N.V.R.

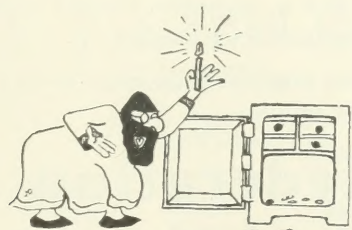
Heggie, R. L.	Sgt.	R.C.A.
Hethrington, T. E.	Pte.	Queen's Own Rifles
Hillary, N. L.	Capt.	R.C.A.M.C.
Home, H. M.	Capt.	R.C.O.C.
Huston, E. H.	Sgt.	R.C.A.
Ketchum, K. G. B.	Cmdr.	R.C.N.C. (Director of Studies)
Kilmer, J. E.	Cadet	R.C.N.C.
Kilpatrick, J. R. M.	Cadet	R.C.N.C.
MacBrien, J. J.	Cadet	R.C.N.C.
MacDonald, G. C.	Sub.-Lt.	R.C.N.V.R.
Macdonald, A. B.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.
Macdonald, J. D.		
McCall, R. D.	Shipwright	R.C.N.V.R.
McClelland, J. G.	Sub.-Lt.	R.C.N.V.R.
McVean, J. A.	Sub.-Lt.	R.C.N.V.R.
Massey, Raymond	Major	Adjutant-General's Branch
Milligan, B. M.	Trooper	R.C.A.
Morton, H. S.	Surg. Lt. Cmdr.	R.C.N.V.R.
Murchison, J. A.	Lieut.	Can. Inf.
Orgill, H. D. B.		R.C.A.F.
O'Hara, J. W.	S/P.	R.C.A.F.
O'Hara, W. S.		R.C.A.F.
Patterson, G. S.	Lieut.	R.C.A.
Rea, Fred T.	Lieut.	Can. Inf.
Rea, Peter C.	Corp.	Queen's Own Rifles
Robertson, J. C.		R.C.A.F.
Robertson, Ross Dr.	Fl.Lt.	R.C.A.F.
Rutter, A. S.	Gr.	R.C.A.
Sabiston, D. P.	Cadet	R.C.N.C.
Scythes, Fred H.	P/O.	R.C.A.F.
Shapley, Dr. J. M.	Act. Capt.	R.C.A.M.C.
Shields, C. M.		R.C.A.F.
Shields, W. J.		R.C.A.F.
Slemin, H. C.	F/O.	R.C.A.F.
Spence, C. E.	Cadet	R.C.N.C.
Sabiston, D. P.	Cadet	R.C.N.C.
Sweeny, C. H.	Sub. Lt.	R.C.N.V.R.
Thompson, A. S.	Sub. Lt.	Queen's Own Rifles
Tottenham, G. R.	Sub. Lt.	R.C.N.V.R.
Turnbull, W. T.	Lieut.	R.C.A.S.C.
Webster, K. L.		R.C.N.V.R.
Wilson, M. T.		R.C.N.V.R.
Williams, V. F.	Corp.	R.C.A.F.
Windeyer, R. C.		





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- The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto.
- The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
- The Trinity University Review, Trinity College, University of Toronto.
- The Beaver Log, Montreal.
- The Stanstead Magazine, Stanstead College, Montreal, Quebec.
- The Bishop Strachan School Magazine, Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.
- The Ashburian, Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.
- Up on the Hill, Pictou Academy, Pictou, Nova Scotia.
- Hatfield Hall Magazine, Hatfield Hall, Cobourg, Ont.
- Samara, Elmwood, Rockliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
- The Branksome Slogan, Branksome Hall, Toronto.
- The Van-Tech, Vancouver Technical School, Vancouver, B.C.
- Acta Ridleiana, Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.
- The Bishop's College School Magazine, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec.
- The Tech Tatler, Danforth Technical School, Toronto.
- St. Peter's College Magazine, St. Peter's College, Adelaide, Australia.
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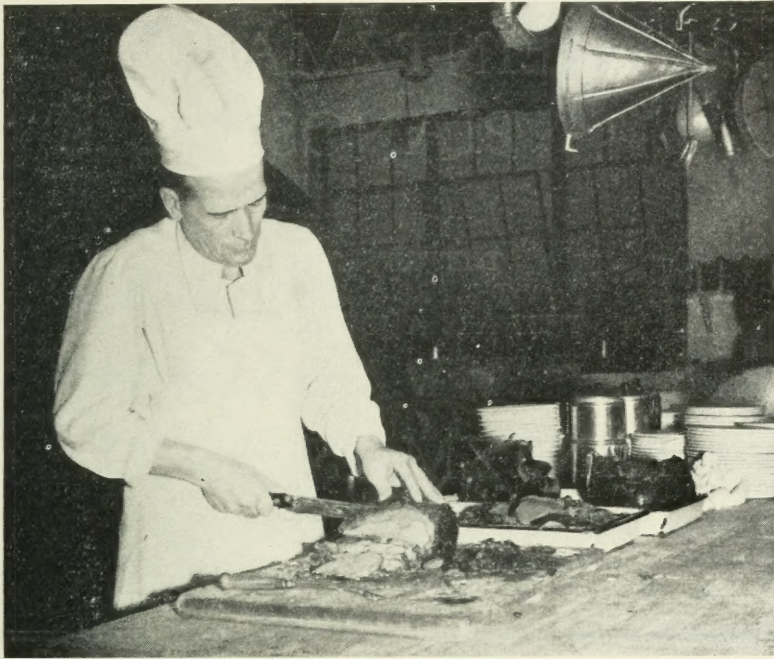
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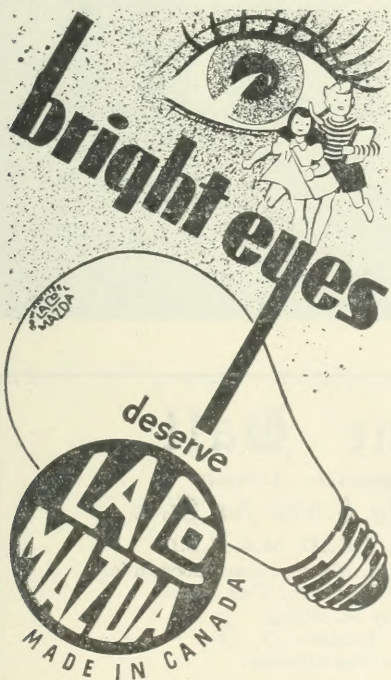
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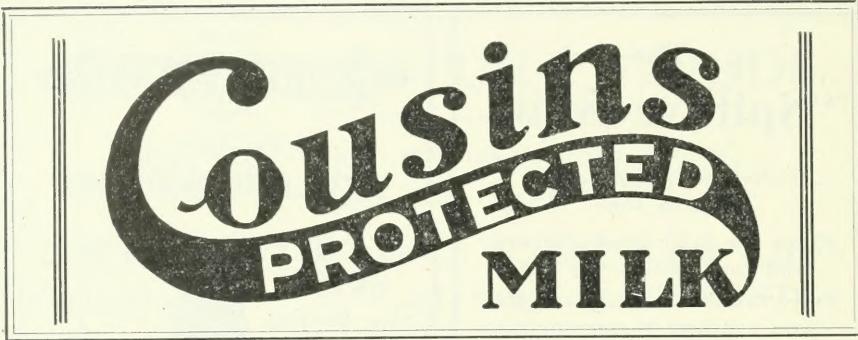
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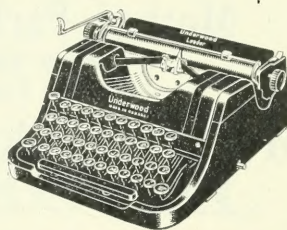
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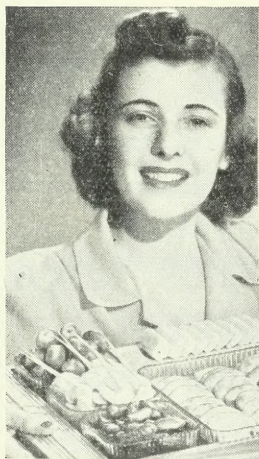
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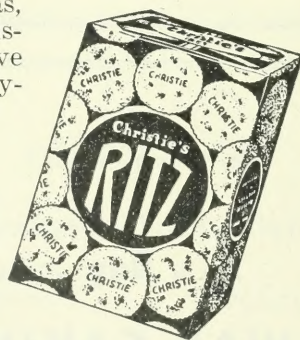


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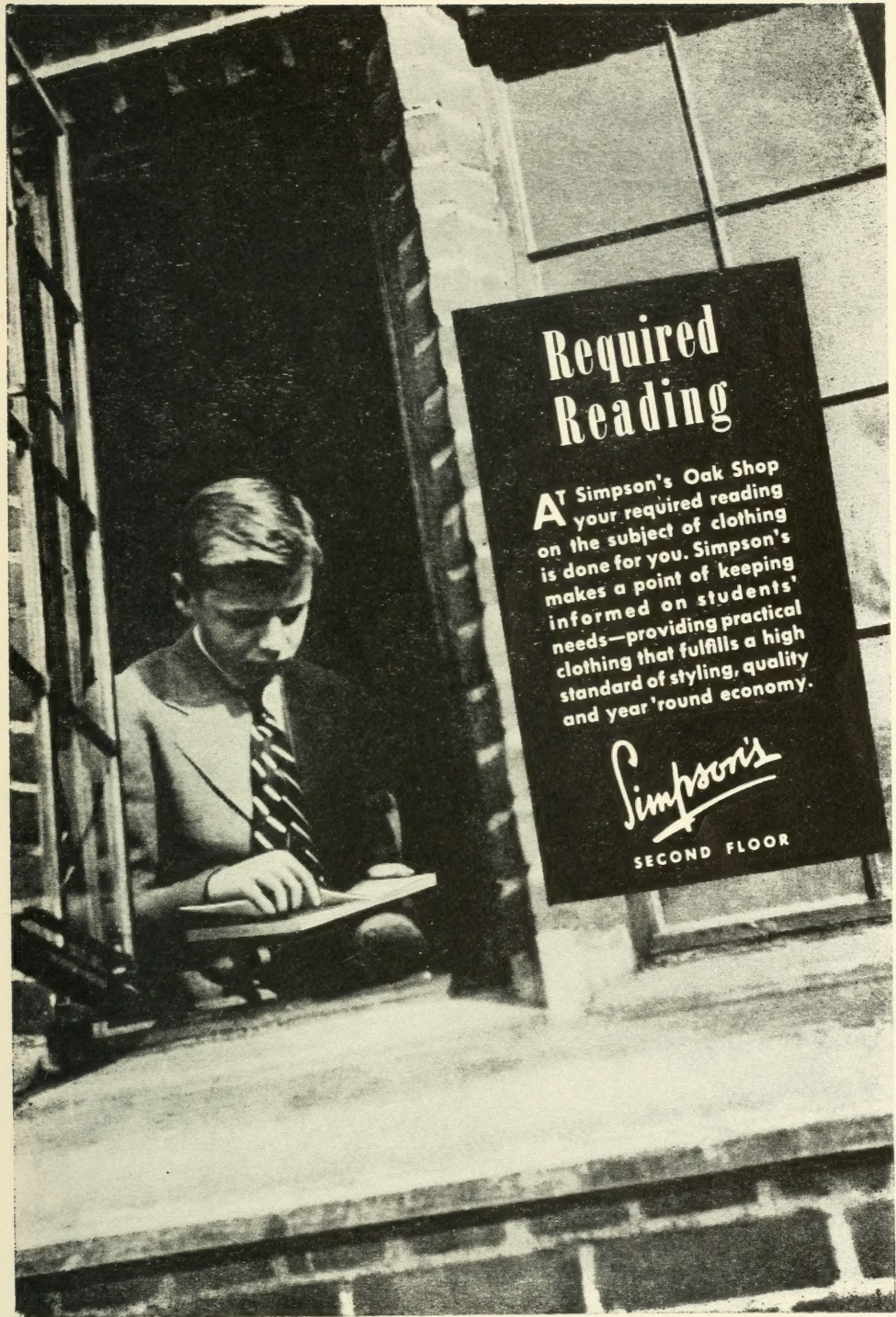
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